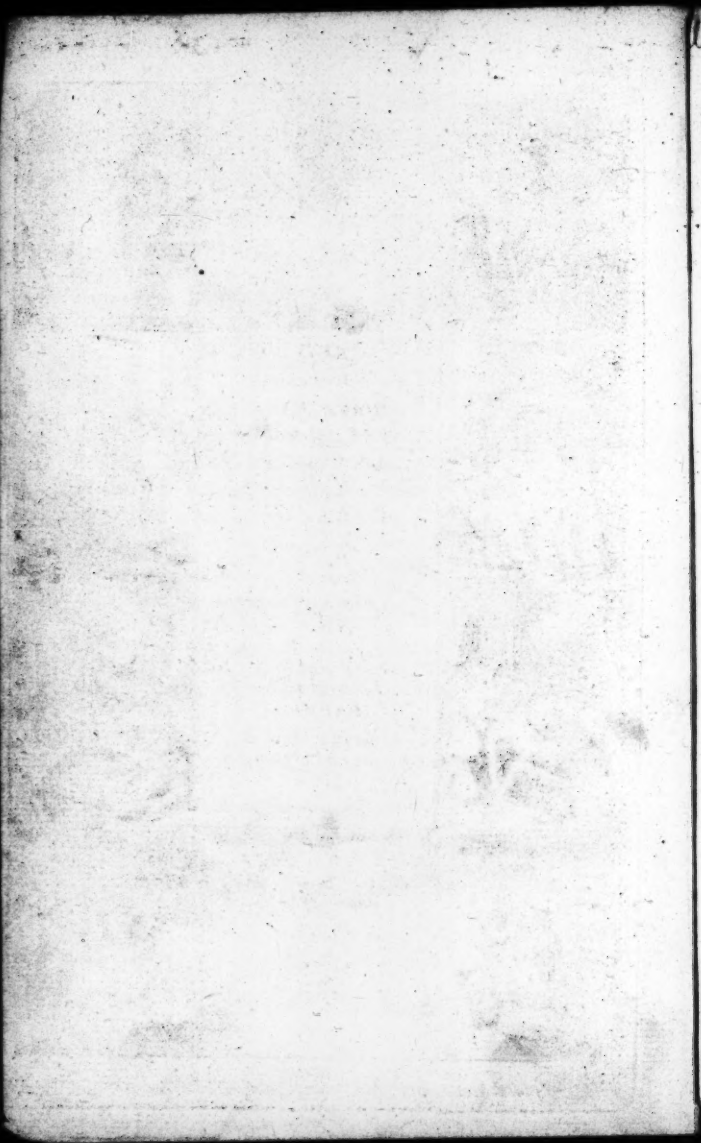




A SACRED POEM
Wherein
*The BIRTH MIRACLES
DEATH RESURRECTION
and ASCENSION of the
Most Holy Jesus
are delineated*
With
*His Prayer before his
APPREHENSION*
Also
*Eighteen of DAVID'S
PSALMS with the Book
of LAMENTATIONS
PARAPHRAS'D.*
*Together with Poems
on several Occasions.*
By
James Chamberlayne Gent.



LONDON
Printed for R. Bentley and M. Magnes in Russel street in Covent Garden



A SACRED
POEM.

Wherein the BIRTH, MIRACLES,
DEATH, RESURRECTION,
and ASCENSION of
the Most Holy

J E S U S

Are Delineated.

With his PRAYER before his
APPREHENSION.

ALSO

Eighteen of *DAVID'S* Psalms; with
the Book of *Lamentations*,

PARAPHRAS'D.

Together

With Poems on several Occasions.

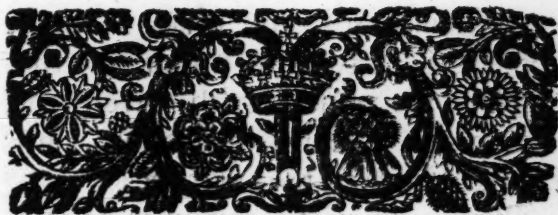
By *James Chamberlaine.*

LONDON, Printed by R. E. for R.
Bentley, and M. Magnes, in Russel-
Street in Covent-Garden, 1680.

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PARAPHRASE



TO THE
READER.

I Never did design, when first I set
about these ensuing Miscellanies
to expose them to every Eye:
For I truly judg'd, that having little
other help than my Mother-Tongue
to assist me therein, nothing worthy
of a publick View could be produc'd
A 3 by

To the Reader.

by me. My only aim was to compose some few things for my private Devotion, and that I might not trifle away too much of that time, which God hath given me, having no Calling to follow, nor Publick Concern to divert me.

But contrary to this my first intention, I have been prevail'd with (through the perswasion of an intimate Friend of mine, who had the perusal of these when they were finished, and who believed, they might be useful to promote holy desires in the sincere Christian) to make them publick. I therefore deem it necessary to acquaint thee concerning the History of our Saviour's Birth and Passion, (that thou may'st not expect more in it than I intended) that I never did design an exact Relation of all that is Recorded concerning him in the four Evangelists.

To the Reader.

vangelists. My purpose was, only to Paraphrase the two first Chapters of Saint *Luke*, and the seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth Chapters of Saint *John*. With these when I had finish'd, (upon the review) I thought convenient, where handsomely I could, to intermix some few material Passages out of the other Evangelists, to make the draught more full and clear.

If what I have done shall prove an help to further any particular Person in his Devotion, or excite an abler Pen to undertake, and complete what here shall be found imperfect, I shall think my self (with respect to my first intentions) more than sufficiently recompens'd; and with patience shall endure the many Censures I am like to meet with from several persons, for presuming (in an Age, in which Poetry

To the Reader.

try is arriv'd to that height of perfection as now it is) to bring on the publick Theatre a Muse so meanly habited as mine. From the truly Pious *I* question not but to receive a gentle and charitable construction for this Action, and for my other sort of Readers *I* value not their severest Censures.

THE

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The

1.

THis little Book, my God and King,
The first fruits of my Muse, I bring
Unto thy Throne, an Offering.

2.

'Twould look more lovely, I confess,
Were it attir'd in the dress
Of abler Pens, than in my Verse;

3.

But since my Numbers could not flow
In loftier Strains, than here they do,
For Reasons Thou and I do know:

4.

Accept the Present; though it be
Too mean a Gift for Majesty,
Lord, 'tis my All, and due to Thee.

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A SACRED

POEM.

*The Birth of S. John and the most holy Jesus,
Luke the first.*

SINCE there are many who have undertook,
Of those great Wonders, to compile a Book,
Which of late years were in this Nation done,
Just in that order as they were made known
To them, by those who at the same time were
Eye-witnesses of what they did declare;
To me, who from the first have understood
Exactly sev'ral things, it seemed good,
To write, Divine *Theophilus*, to thee,
This following matter, as 'twas told to me:
That thou the truth of all those things may'st
(know,
Which I suppose was taught thee long ago.

In *Herod's* days, who King of *Jewry* was,
There liv'd a sacred Priest call'd *Zacha'ras*,

B

One

The Birth of S. John.

One of *Abia's* Course ; he had to Wife
Elizabeth, of an Exemplar life
 The Virgin was, before she knew his Bed ;
 Nor was she less devout when married.
 Both righteous were ; both blamelessly did live,
 In all those Laws God to the Jews did give.
 No Child they had, nor e're were like to have ;
Elizabeth too old was to Conceive.
 It came to pass, while that he went to burn
 Within the Temple Incense in his turn,
 Before the Lord, and all the People were
 Without devoutly on their knees at Pray'r ;
 On the right hand o'th' flaming Altar he
 Perceiv'd an Angel of the Lord to be :
 His aged Limbs, scar'd at the Vision, shook ;
 Trembling he stood, until the Angel spoke.

The Promise of John's Birth and Office.

Fear not, said he, thy Prayers are heard ; a Son
 Thy Wife shall bear , and thou shalt call him

(*John* :

Thousands of hearts glad at his birth shall be,
 As well as thou, and praise the Lord with thee.
 He shall be great in the Almighty's sight,
 For abstinence a perfect *Nazarite* ;
 Not tasting Drink that's strong, nor any Wine ;
 Endu'd early with the Spirit Divine :
 Many of *Israel's* Children to the Lord
 Shall be converted by his pow'rful Word.

He

The Birth of S. John.

3

He shall before the true *Messiah* go,
It's Pow'r and Spirit of *Elijah* ; so
That he shall make the Ceremonious *Jews*
Admire Justice, and her Paths to chuse ;
And so prepare them to be wise, that they
Shall Christ receive, and his Commands obey.

How shall I know, since I am now grown old,
Said *Zacharias*, what thou hast foretold
Shall come to pass? my Wife is likewise known,
Through heatless age, past hopes to have a Son.
Gabriel's my name ; by the great God's command,
Before whose sacred presence I do stand,
With these glad Tydings I am sent to thee ;
But since thou faithless art, and wilt not be
Perswaded of the truth of what I say,
Deaf shalt thou be, and dumb, until that day
Thine aged Wife shall bring forth to thy joy,
From her now barren Womb, this promis'd Boy.

Long did the People, with amazement, wait
For *Zacharias*, at the Temple Gate:
Forth at the length the aged Priest did come,
Deaf, as the Angel said, and likewise dumb ;
Soon they perceiv'd something reveal'd had been
By a wing'd Herald, which he there had seen:
Beck'ning he stood, but could not for his heart,
What he had heard and seen to them impart.

The Conception of S. John Baptist.

It came to pass, so soon as he had done
His priestly Office, and the Crowd was gone,

B 2

The

The Birth of S. John.

The silent Priest departed to his home,
 And streight his Wife receiv'd a pregnant Womb:
 Five Months from home, not willing to abide
 The People's Censure, she withdrew aside;
 Although, assur'd she was, her marriage Bed
 Was never stain'd with a disloyal deed.
 She knew this Mercy in her aged days,
 Was an unwonted Gift; and so gave praise
 Unto the Lord, who had remov'd that day
 From her the shame of barrenness away.

In the sixth Month the glorious *Gabriel* came
 From the Almighty, to a Town, whose name
 Was *Nazareth*; within whose happy Wall
 There liv'd a Virgin, whom they *Mary* call:
 Youthful and florid, as the blooming-*May*,
 Devout and piously imploy'd each day;
 Of Body chaste, and humble too in mind,
 In whom all Heavenly Graces brightly shin'd.
 She was betroth'd to *Joseph* for a Wife;
 A man all just, and of a pious life:
 And was descended from that valiant King
 Who *Isr'el* freed with a smooth Stone and Sling
 To her the Angel came, as she alone
 On bended Knees was praying to the Throne
 Of the great God, and thus to her he said:

The Salutation.

Hail, thou most lovely person, happy Maid
 The Lord is with thee; thou art highly blest
 Of all thy Sex thou art the happiest. When

The Birth of S. John.

5

When she beheld the glorious Messenger,
Who in this manner had saluted her;
A Rosy Blush diffus'd it self all o're
Her lovely Face, and shame-fac'd on the Flore
She cast her Eyes, troubled, and in her mind
seeking th' importance of his words to find;
But while she musing was, silence he broke,
And thus the borrow'd Form to *Mary* spoke.

The Promise of Conception of the most Holy Jesus.

Fear not, thou lovely Maid; from Heavens King,
Before whose Face thou hast found Grace, I bring
Most joyful news; Thou shalt conceive a Son,
Who shall to *Isr'el* bring Salvation:
Him thou shalt *Jesus* call; he great shall be,
The happy product of Divinity.

He shall his Father *David's* Throne ascend;

His Scepter over *Isr'el* shall extend:

Of his Dominion there shall be no end.

To him the Rulers of the Earth shall bring
Their borrow'd Crowns, and own him as their

How can I hope, blest *Gabriel*, said she, (King.

While I a Virgin am, that this to me

Can ever happen? to conceive a Son,

A thing ne're heard off, nor was ever known:

Thy God doth know how I have always led

A single life, and ne're defil'd my Bed. (Throne

Therefore, said *Gabriel*, from the glorious
Of the most High, his Spirit shall come down,

B 3

And

The Birth of St. John.

And fruitful make thine hallow'd Womb, to bear
Jesus, the Son of God, thy Saviour.
What I have said, th' Almighty will fulfill:
His Pow'r is able to effect his Will:
And as a Token that thou shalt conceive,
She who is barren, call'd Elizabeth,
Is now with Child: To Zachry I brought down
The joyful Message of a wisht-for Son.
Six Months with Child she's gone; with God
(there's nought,
How strange soe're, but he can bring't about.

The Conception it self.

Behold, said she, the Handmaid of the Lord;
Be it to me according to thy Word.
For ever, Lord, thy Glorious Name be prais'd,
Who, from a low and abject State hast rais'd
And in renown exalted me, above
The rest of Women, by this mark of Love,

Mary's saluting Elizabeth.

No sooner *Gabriel* had his Message done,
But back he flew to Heaven's Glorious Throne;
Up from her bended Knees the Virgin rose,
And straightway went to *Zacharia's* house,
Within *Judeas* hilly Country, where
She found her Cousin, and saluted her.

The

The Birth of S. John.

7

The welcome Greeting did no sooner sound
Within her Ears, but the the Infant found
To leap within her Womb, and straight her Breast
With a Prophetick Spirit was posselt,
And thus she spake.

Elizabeth's Exclamation,

Blessed art thou, most lovely Maid, above
The rest of Women in th' Almighty's Love;
Blessed, for ever Blessed, is that Son
Of the Great God, within thy Virgin Zone!
O what a joy is it for me to see
The Mother of my Lord to visit me!
For loe, mine ears no sooner heard thy Voice,
But in my Womb the Infant did rejoyce.
Blessed art thou, because thou didst believe
The Angels Message; it shall never grieve
Thee, that thy Faith was so much wrought upon,
For e're nine Months thou shalt bring forth this
Then *Mary* said, (Son.

Magnificat.

My Soul doth praise the Lord for evermore,
And Spirit joyes in God my Saviour;
For he regarded hath the low estate
Of his poor Servant, and hath made her great.
So great, that Generations henceforth shall
Respect my name, and highly Blessed call.

B 4

For

For he, that mighty is, great things hath done
For me, beyond imagination.

His Mercy is from Age to Age on them
Who serve him; blessed be his Glorious Name.

He with his Pow'rful Arm hath to the great

And proud Designers given a Defeat:

He from their Seats the Mighty hath put down,
And rais'd the humble Soul unto a Crown.

He hath the needy with good things supply'd;
But to the proud his Mercies hath deny'd.

He, in remembrance of his promise made
To *Abra'm* and his Seed, hath now made glad,

And holpen *Isr'el*; for within my Womb

There lies inclos'd the promis'd Seed to come.

S. John's Birth.

Well nigh three Months within her Cousins
House,

Remain'd the lovely new betrothed Spouse
Of *Joseph*; till she plainly did perceive (save:

Her Womb contain'd him who the World should

Then she took leave, and forthwith to her home

Poor and despis'd *Nazareth* did come.

Some few days after of a lovely Boy

Eliz'beth was deliver'd, to the joy

Of all her Neighbours; her Relations were

Glad, when they heard how God a Son and Heir

Had given to her, and had Mercy shown,

Making her pregnant, who was barren known.

On

The Birth of S. John.

9

On the Eighth Day they all together came
To Circumcise, and give the Child a Name:
The bloody Act perform'd, they voted all
Him by the name of *Zachary* to call;
But when the Mother heard how they her Son
Had *Zachary* nam'd, she gave the name of *John*.
They told her none of her Relations were
Call'd by that Name, as ever they could hear.
Unto the Father they made signs to know
How he would have him call'd, & 't should be so:
He made them signs to have a Book; which

(brought

Within it *John*, unto their wonder, wrote.
Which having done, his Tongue immediately
From its restraint was set at liberty:
And, in most thankful manner, the first thing
Was the Almighty's praise which he did sing.
When they heard this, who round about did
(dwell,

A reverential fear upon them fell;
Believing all, this Child in time would prove
Some mighty man, whom Heaven so did love;
Who in the Womb, and ever since hath been,
By God so favour'd as was never seen.

Old *Zacharias*, who was musing on
What *Gabriel* said, of his and *Mary's* Son,
A sacred flame arose within his Breast,
And thus divinely sung the inspir'd Priest,

Benedictus.

The Birth of St. John

Benedictus.

Blest be the God of *Isra'el*, and esteem'd,
 Who hath his People visited and Redeem'd,
 And rais'd, within his servant *David's* house,
 A mighty King and Saviour unto us;
 As by his holy Prophets mouths he spake,
 Which have been since he the vast World did
 (make;
 That we should be delivered from all those
 Who are our secret, or our open Foes,
 To keep his mercy, which he promised
 To our Fore-fathers, and their num'rous Seed;
 The Oath he swore to *Abraham* on this wise,
 That he would free us from our Enemies;
 That we securely may devote our days,
 To do his Will, and sing his worthy praise.
 And thou, my Child, of the most High I know
 Shalt be a mighty Prophet; thou shalt go,
 Before the Christ, & instruct the World how
 (they
 May him imbrace and all his Laws obey:
 To teach them how, when they have evil done,
 Through him they may obtain Remission;
 All through the mercy of our God, whereby
 Christ hath to us descended from on high,
 To give them Light who do in Blindness sit,
 Within the Vale of Death, and guide our Feet

Into

The Birth of S. John.

II

Into the path of peace ; which pleasant way
Will lead us all to joys which ne're decay.

Thus sung the aged Priest, unto his joy ;
In Spirit strong, and stature grew the Boy.

John's Education.

Within the Mountains of *Judea*, he
Severely past his tender Infancy ;
There he abode, until the day wherein
His Ministerial Function did begin.

Now, in the forty fourth year of his Reign.
The great *Augustus Cæsar* did ordain,
And strictly charge, that all in every Town
Within the *Roman* Empire, should set down
Their Names, & Fortunes, in those Cities where
Their Ancestors were born, of whom they were :
When this first Taxing was by *Cæsar* made,
Cyrenius for his Province *Syria* had ;
To their respective Cities each one went
To be enroll'd in *Cæsar's* Government.
From *Galilee*, out of *Naz'reth*, *Joseph* came,
With *Mary* big with Child to *Bethlehem* ;
Because they both of *David's* Princely Race
Descended were, who born was in that place.
It came to pass they were no sooner there,
But *Mary* found the happy time drew near,
Wherein she must her first born Son bring forth ;
The Word by whom God made both Heav'n
and Earth.

The

The Birth of Christ.*The Birth of Christ.*

Within the Inn no room she could obtain,
 Although she sought it o're and o're again;
 Into the Stable she was forc'd to go:
 Then on the ground her Knees did humbly bow,
 And in the midst of glorious thoughts, the Son
 Of the Most High brought forth without a
 (groan.
 In Swadling-Cloaths she wrapp'd her First-born
 (Child,
 And on the Straw she laid him; in the Field
 Were Shepherds, who by nightly turns did
 (look
 Unto their innocent and wealthy Flock;
 When lo an Angel from the glittering Throne
 Of the Almighty came, and round them shone.
 The daz'ling brightness of his presence made
 The watchful Shepherds terribly affraid;

The Publication of Christ's Birth,

Fear not, said he, most joyful News I bring
 To you, and all the World; this day a King,
 And a Redeemer's born, the Christ is He:
 To Bethle'm haste, and your Salvation see.
 Yet, that you may not when you come
 (mistake
 And for the Lord of Life, another take;
 Within

The Birth of Christ.

13

Within a Stable you shall find him lye.
With none but *Joseph*, and his Mother by.
Then with the Angel of the Lord there stood
An Host of heav'nly Spirits praising God,
Singing this following Hymn—By those above,
Angels, Archangels, to the God of Love
Be glory given, for this Infants Birth;
And to the good a lasting peace on Earth.
Up from the Earth unto Heav'ns radiant

(Throne,

This blessed Quire was no sooner gone;
But that the trembling Shepherds, by consent,
To see what they were told, to *Bethle'm* went:
Thither they came, & there the Child they saw
Lye in the Stable on a heap of Straw
With *Joseph* and his Wife, abroad they spread,
What they had seen, and what the Angel said;
And all who heard them with amazement were
Seiz'd at the Story, which they did declare.
But *Mary* ponder'd these things o're and o're,
And grew in Faith, and knowledg more & more:
Back to their Flocks the joyful Shepherds went;
And all the time of their returning spent
In glorifying of th' Almighty's Name,
For all those things which he reveal'd to them:

The Circumcision.

On the eighth day after the Child was born,
The pious *Joseph* early in the Morn,

With

The Birth of Christ.

With his Redeemer to th' Assembly came,
 Who Circumcised was, and by the Name
 Of *Jesus* call'd; as *Gabriel* order gave
 Unto the Virgin, e're she did conceive.
 And when her forty days accomplisht were
 According to the Law, they did repair
 With the *Messiah* to *Jernsalem*;

His Presentation in the Temple.

Where, to the Priest, they both presented him.
 For by the Law, the First-born Male among
 The *Jews*, unto *Jehovah* did belong;
 E're since that fatal night wherein he smote
Egypt's First-born, and thence his *Isr'el* brought.
 Two Turtle Doves she for her self did bring,
 Although a poor yet legal Offering:
 Unto the Lord, from out the bleating Flock,
 A Lamb she could not purchase with her Stock.

Within the Town of *Solyra* liv'd one,
 Who just and pious was, call'd *Simeon*,
 Full of the Holy Ghost, attending there
 When *Isr'els* Consolation would appear:
 To him the Spirit did reveal, that he
 Should e're he dy'd the promis'd Blessing see.
 He by divine impulse to th' Temple came,
 Just as the Father and his pious Dame
 Arriv'd with the blest Off-spring of her Womb,
 To do for him what the strict Law did doom:

Where

The Birth of Christ

15

Where in his presence they a tender made
Of their First-born, and his cheap ransome paid;
Then in his feeble Arms old *Simeon* took
The heav'nly Babe, and thus divinely spoke.—

Nunc Dimittis.

Lord, let me now into the silent Grave
In peace depart, since with mine Eyes I have
Beheld the Christ, which thou hast long foretold,
Whom now thy People in this place behold;
A Light to those who do in Darknes dwell,
And the great Glory of thine *Israel*.

Joseph and *Mary* much surprized were,
At those mysterious Truths the rev'rend Seer,
Concerning Jesus, in that place declar'd;
Such as before their Ears had never heard.

Simeons Prophecy.

Then *Simeon* blest them; and to *Mary* said,—
Behold this Child of thine, thou lovely Maid,
Is for the ruine of the Ungodly sent,
And the redemption of the Penitent:
And for a Sign in *Isr'el* he shall stand;
'Gainst whom the wicked of the World shall
(band;
That all the thoughts of men which are con-
(ceal'd,
Both of the good and bad, may be reveal'd.
And

The Birth of Christ.

And thou, the Mother of this blessed Son,
 When thou behold'st their barb'rous cruelty,
 Shalt find thy Soul with sorrow over-run;
 Some great affliction it shall bring to thee.

Anna's Prophecy.

Into the Temple at this instant came,
 Of *Afers* Tribe, a Widdow, who by name
 Was *Hannah* call'd, who in her younger life,
 But seven years had liv'd a married Wife.
 Eighty and four years old, this woman was,
 A strict observer of the Jewish Laws;
 Who duly did the Temple-Prayers frequent,
 And every Week two days in Fasting spent.
 She likewise thank'd the Lord, and spoke of him,
 To all who dwelt within *Jerusalem*.

Now when the Parents had the Law fulfill'd,
 Both unto *Bethlem* with the blessed Child
 Return'd again, where for a while they were,
 Till in a Dream th' Almighty did appear
 To *Joseph*, with a strict command, that he
 Should take the Child, and into *Aegypt* flee:
 There they remain'd until the Tyrant's death,
 And afterwards return'd to *Nazareth*.
 In Spirit strong and Stature Jesus grew,
 Whom God with mighty Wisdom did indue:

When twelve years old the blessed Jesus was,
 His Parents who devoutly kept the Laws

Of

The Birth of Christ.

17

Of the great God, the time now drawing near
To celebrate the annual Passover;
Took this same hopeful Child along with them
To keep this great Feast at *Jerusalem*:
And when the days of it accomplisht were,
Joseph and *Mary* homewards did repair,
With their Acquaintance, and Relations, who
In *Naz'reth* did dwell, or near thereto.

*Christ's stay at Jerusalem, and conferring
with the Doctors.*

Onwards they travell'd, but ne're mist their
Who in *Jerusalem* staid; to them unknown
Until they had a whole days Journey gone.
Then 'mongst their Kindred and their Friends
Inquiring for him, but no news they learnt.
With thoughtful care for their neglect of him,
They back return'd unto *Jerusalem*.
After a three days search, their Child they found
Within the Temple Porch, encompass'd round
With the most noted Rabbies of the *Jews*,
Asking such things which did the Scribes a-
So that they all with wonder seised were
At his wise answers, and discourses there.
When 'midst the learned of the Jewish Land
His Mother and her Husband saw him stand,

C

Th.

The Birth of Christ.

Th' amazed Virgin to her Son did go;
 Jesus, said she, thou did'st unkindly do,
 To raise such fears within thy Fathers mind,
 And mine, as thou did'st by thy stay behind;
 But he reply'd, the fittest place for me
 Is where I am; know ye not I must be
 About my Fathers business? But they could
 Not this mysterious Speech of his unfold.
 However back to *Nazareth* he came,
 With his ore-joyed Parents: at that same
 Laborious Calling eighteen years he wrought,
 Which *Joseph* did profess, and him had taught;
 And to their just Commands was never known
 To shew himself a disrespectful Son.

His Baptism.

Up to the Age of thirty years being grown,
 He forthwith went to be Baptiz'd by *John*,
 (Who at the River *Jordan* was that time
 Baptizing sev'ral that did come to him;)
 But *John* this Office at the first did wave,
 Until the Ever-blest such Reasons gave
 To have it done, that, in the Peoples sight,
 He there conferr'd on him that needful Rite.
 When lo, th' Eternal Spirit from above
 Hov'ring, descended on him as a Dove:
 And from the Clouds at that same time was
 (heard,
 A thundring Voice, which these same words
 declar'd; This

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The Birth of Christ

19

This is my well-beloved Son, in whom
I am well pleas'd; who from my self did come,
On purpose to reveal my Will below,
That all might know what 'tis they ought to do.

Jesus indu'd with power from on high,
Took on him now the publick Ministry:
And taught the People Doctrines so Divine,
The Sun not clearer than their Truths did
(shine;
Confirming them with Wonders, such as ne're
Eye saw before, nor ear did ever hear.

MIRACLE I.

*Jesus his turning Water into Wine, at a Marriage
Feast, in Cana of Galilee.*

THe first he wrought was in a certain Town
Of Galilee, by th' Name of *Cana* known.
Where the blest Virgin to a Nuptial Feast,
Was by the Bridegroom call'd to be a Guest.
Jesus, and his Disciples, likewise were
Bid with some others, and all present there.
Down sat the Bridegroom chearful as the day,
And by his side the blushing Bride, all gay.
The welcome Guests around the Table sat,
With sev'ral sorts of healthful Viands freight.
All Dinner while a diligent Slave did stand,
With watchful Eye, and with a ready hand,

C 2

Behind

The Birth of Christ.

Behind each Guest, to fetch what he did need,
 Not with a Leaden-heel, but nimble speed.
 No loose Discourses at the Table were,
 Civil the Guests were, no Buffoon was there.
 One who imagines he doth glory get,
 To be discourtive in the dregs of Wit;
 Yet harmless mirth, and flowing Goblets went
 Around the Board, till all the Wine was spent.
 Mary, who knew the Bridegrooms Store was
 (gone,
 Unto her Son, the want of Wine made known,
 She told him 'twas a fit occasion now
 In publick his Mirac'lous Pow'r to show;
 By doing that they all would judge Divine,
 With an Almighty Word create more Wine:
 Jesus who knew his time of action best,
 Unwilling yet his Pow'r to manifest
 Unto the World, he gently did repress
 His Mothers too impatient forwardness;
 Yet he assur'd her, that the Guests should be
 Supply'd with Wine, but done so privately,
 That none but she, and his Disciples should,
 With those who serv'd, the Miracle behold.
 Straight to the Waiters did the Virgine go,
 And what he will'd commanded them to do.
 Within the Room six Cisterns stood, each one
 Holding three Firkins, all of Marble stone.
 These in their order, on their sev'ral Strands,
 Were fill'd with Water, for to wash the Hands

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The Birth of Christ

21

Of the invited Jews, an act prophane
Esteeming it, to eat with hands unclean.

Up to the Brim with Water Jesus bid
The Servants fill these Vessels, which they did.
Straight he commanded one of them to bear
A full Glass of it to the Governour;
Who when he tasted of the Work Divine,
The Water turned into gen'rous Wine,
He call'd the Bridegroom of the lib'ral Feast,
And askt him why he had reserv'd his best
Of Wines till last; all men, says he, at first
Bring their best Liquors, but at last their worst.
But thou the noblest Wine, of richest taste,
After w' have freely drank, hast brought at last.

This Wonder Jesus the Eternal Son
Perform'd in *Cana*; and his Pow'r shone
So bright in his Disciples Eyes, that they
Own'd him the Son of God from that same day.

MIRACLE II.

*His Cure of a Noble Man's Son, who lay Sick of
a Fever at Capernaum.*

IN *Galilee* a Noble Man there was,
Belonging unto *Herod Antipas*,
Whose Son did Sick at *Capernaum* lye,
Past all the hopes of Physick's remedy;

C 3

Hearing

The Birth of Christ

Hearing that Jesus was to *Galilee*
 Out of *Judea* come, away went he
 To *Cana*, and besought him to come down
 Unto his house, and heal his dying Son.
 Now Christ, who knew the *Galileans* well
 To be of Tempers most inflexible,
 That to his Doctrin they would not be brought
 To give belief, except he wonders wrought,
 Resolv'd forthwith, from his tormenting pain,
 To raise this Courtiers Son to health again:
 But he, poor man! impatient of delay,
 Thinking his Son could not out-live the day,
 Importun'd Christ to come immediately,
 And work this Cure before his Son did dye.

Jesus, who saw the faithful Parents Tears,
 Willing to rid him of his anxious fears,
 Told him he might unto his home retire,
 His Son was well, and that the raging Fire
 Which did inflame the Blood in every Vein,
 Was now extinguisht, and all calm'd again.
 Which when the Father heard he went his way,
 Fully believing what the Lord did say.

Unto his house as he was trav'ling down,
 The welcome news of his recover'd Son
 Came to his Ears, brought by the nimble care
 Of some who his domestick Servants were.
 His Arms around the first Man's Neck he flung
 Tell me, said he, tell me my Friend, how long
 'Tis since the burning Feaver did depart
 From my recover'd Son, my dearest heart?

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The Birth of Christ.

23

Just at the seventh hour thy Son, said he,
Whom we concluded past recovery,
All on a sudden yesterday was well,
And so we left him, as these here can tell;
Who in the joyful news did all accord,
So home they went with their rejoicing Lord.
Arriv'd at length to his beloved Son,
After a thousand kind expressions shown,
He in the hearing of his Wife, and those
Who of his household were, did straight disclose
The wondrous manner of his Childs great Cure,
And what great grief his fears made him endure;
And then precisely reck'ning up the time
Of's Sons being well, and Christ's so telling him,
They all concluded, when these things they
(knew,

To his Almighty Word the Cure was due;
And with their Lord, to the great God did
(give

Glory, and in his Son the Christ believe.

This second Wonder Jesus wrought when he
Came from *Judea* into *Galilee*.

No doubt but sev'ral more were done by him,
Both in *Judea* and *Jerusalem*,

Only these two (as done the first year) stand

Upon Record, writ by the faithful hand

Of his beloved *John*; and now we go,

To tell what in the next year he did do.

C 4

MIRACLE

MIRACLE I.

In the second year of Christ's publick
Ministry.

*The taking of a vast draught of Fish at the com-
mand of Jesus to launch out into the Deep,
&c.*

Assist me, Lord, while I the Wonders pen,
Which thou hast wrought among the
(Sons of Men.

Near to *Gennes'reth's* Lake as Jesus was
Teaching aright the much abused Laws
Unto the People, who long while had been
Falsly instructed by their Priests therein;
From neighb'ring Towns the Crowd did so
(encrease,

That he was well nigh stifled in the Press.
Close to the Shoar two Boats a float did lye,
The one belong'd unto old *Zebedee*,
And his two Sons his Partners, *James* and *John*,
Andrew, and *Peter*, did the other own.
These, all the night, a Fishing in the Lake
Had toyling been, but ne're a Fish could take.
And now upon the Shoar all tyr'd stood,
Having made clean their Nets within the
Flood.

Jesus

The Birth of Christ.

25

Iesus, who 'fore he taught, these Boats did see,
With much ado, got from the Company,
And went into the Boat which did belong
To *Simon Peter*, from the gazing throng,
And causing him to thrust it from the Land,
The People taught, who on the Shoar did stand.
When his discourse was ended, and each one
Of the confused Rabble home were gone.
Simon, said he, launch out into the Main,
And cast your Nets, to try your Luck again,
Into the watry Chambers of the Deep,
And thence on Shoar the Scaly Dwellers sweep.
But *Simon* told him, we have all the night
Labour'd in vain, and on no Fish could light,
And now at noon day, and a Sky serene,
To think we shall be more successful than
We yet have been, is a conceit so vain,
That none who knows the Trade can entertain,
Nevertheless at thy request we'll wet
Once more our Nets, although no Fish we get.
Then down into the deep they hopeless cast,
Their fatal Engines; and inclos'd at last
So vast a draught of Fish, both great and small,
That their Nets brake, and they were forc'd to
(call
To *James* and *John*, to come and help them take
The flutt'ring Pris'oners forth the crystal Lake.
Come to their help, with much ado they got
Part of the loaden Net into the Boat,

Still

Still by degrees they more of it did pull,
 Till they had heap'd with Fish their Boat so full,
 That down into the deep they sinking were,
 At which the greedy *Simon* full of fear,
 Fell at the knees of Jesus, and besought
 Him to depart out of the sinking Boar,
 For Lord (said he) my Sins so num'rous are,
 They'l render me unfit to reap a share
 Of this great draught, so great as ne're was
 (known,

Which is a cause of admiration,
 To me, and my Companions, who before
 Ne're saw the like, nor ever shall see more.
 But Jesus bid him lay aside all fear,
 They were as safe as if on Land they were.
 Besides, said he, if thou and these will be,
 (Who are thy Partners) Followers of me,
 Ye shall have all by much a nobler Trade,
 Than this, of men ye shall be Fishers made,
 And with the Gospel-Net which you shall use,
 Millions of *Gentiles* ye shall take, and *Jews*;
 And through Death's Chambers safely to the
 (Shore
 Of Life and Bliss bring them for evermore.

Now when the four their Vessels safe had
 (brought
 Unto the Shore, which once they never thought
 Alive they should have reacht, from that same
 (time
 They forsook all they had, and follow'd him.

MIRACLE

MIRACLE II.

The Cure of a Demoniack in the City of Capernaum.

JESUS to *Capernaum* went straightway
 With his Disciples, on the Sabbath-day,
 When a great number of the City were
 Assembled in the Synagogue, to hear
 Their Rabbies, with a reverence profound,
 Erroneously Gods sacred Law expound.
 Jesus came in, and while they did unfold
 Their wronged Law, and strange Traditions
 (told,

His patient ear attentively did lend
 Unto their roving talk, till it did end.
 Then stretching, forth his Arm, th' eternal Son
 Of the great God his heav'nly Speech begun,
 Teaching the Jews sublimer Truths than they
 By their conceited Priests were taught that day;
 Preaching, as one Commission'd from above,
 Th' unheard of Mercies of the God of Love,
 With so much pow'r, that they wonder'd all,
 Having ne're heard the like from any fall.

Now that same restless Spirit, who doth go
 Round the vast Orb, to work the overthrow
 Of Fallen Man, had then among the rest
 Of the assembled Jews, a Man possess;

Who

The Birth of Christ.

Who when he heard the ever blessed Lord
 Divinely teach, most hellishly he roard,
 And thus he spake, --- Can't we be let alone,
 Since we are banisht from the heav'nly Throne,
 To have the freedom of this lower World,
 Must we from hence as from above be hurl'd,
 What have we, Jesus, for to do with thee,
 Are we not here from thy Dominion free?
 Art thou with pow'r come down to make us

(leave

Those conquer'd Souls, which by our wiles we
 style="text-align: right;">(have

Fetter'd, with a design to make them be
 Companions with us in our misery;
 I know thee, who thou art, and must thee own
 To be the mighty Saviour, and the Son
 Of that just God, whom, by our fatal Pride,
 We would have equall'd, but in vain we try'd.
 Then Jesus sharply did rebuke the Fiend,
 And to his saucy Questions put an end;
 Commanding him to hold his peace, and quit
 The captiv'd Body, and ne're argue it.
 Th' enraged Fiend, who durst no longer stay
 Within his conquer'd Tenement of Clay,
 All foaming threw him on the paved Floor,
 Beating his Face till 'twas imbru'd all o're
 With Froth and Blood, then with an hideous yell
 Forth sally'd the infernal Imp of Hell.

Now when the Standers by beheld the deed,
 They all astonisht were, and all agreed

That

That sure his Doctrin must be heav'nly,
And that the Teacher more than Man must be,
Whom the affrighted Devils do obey,
Tremble when he commands, and sneak away.
Then through the Coasts of *Galilee* his Name
Tryumphing rode upon the Wings of Fame.

MIRACLE III.

*The Cure of Peter's Wives Mother, who was sick
of a Fever.*

NO sooner was the Sabbath-duty done,
And to their homes th' amazed Jews all
(gone,

But Jesus, *James* and *John*, with *Simon*, went,
And *Andrew*, to their poor retirement;
Where almost till the dawn of the next day,
With the two pair of Brothers he did stay.
Within the house sick at that time did lye,
Simon's Wives Mother, at the point to dye,
Whose aged blood, caus'd by a feav'rish flame,
Boyl'd with such fury, that no Art could tame,
Whom the Physitians had quite given o're,
Knowing their skill could not her health restore.

Peter, who just before had seen his Lord
Effect a Cure, by his Almighty VVord,
Upon a Man whom Satan had possesst,
Fell on his Knees, and humbly did request;
That

The Birth of Christ.

That by his mighty Pow'r he would cure,
 His aged Mother's raging Calenture.
 Jesus, who ever ready was to give
 Relief to those who did in him believe,
 Came to the Bed, where the distemper'd Soul,
 Tortur'd with scorching heat, did toss and rowl,
 And in the view of all who there did stand,
 He took the woman by the burning hand,
 And raising her upright, the Fever straight
 Did by his Sov'raign touch its rage abate.
 So well she was, that forthwith she did go,
 And made Provision for her Guests below.

MIRACLE IV.

*The Cure of divers sick persons in the Evening of
 that Sabbath.*

NOW when the fiery Chariot of the Sun
 Had round this part of our Horizon run,
 Most of the City hearing of the Fame
 Of Jesus, to the door of *Peter* came,
 Bringing their Sick, their Blind, their Lame, and
 (all
 Those whom the Devil had long held in thrall:
 Jesus, whose love no limits ever knew,
 When he beheld the sad diseased Crew,
 And heard their dying groans, and fearful crys,
 Arising from their various miseries,

Out

Out of a tender pity to Mankind,
Cur'd the Possess, the Sick, the Lame, and Blind,
And the infernal Fiends would not allow,
Whom he cast forth, to say they did him know.

MIRACLE V.

*The healing of several Sick and Diseased Persons,
by Jesus as he went through Galilee, and more
particularly the Cure of a Leper.*

BEfore the gilded Planet of the East
Had from his watry Bed arose, and drest
His nimble Body with a fulgent ray,
Up Jesus got, and went aside to pray,
Into a solitary place, when soon
He was by Simon, Andrew, James and John
Follow'd, and on his Knees upon the ground,
With lifted hands in fervent Prayer found,
Straight with the reasons of their coming out
They did inform him, how his fame had brought,
By those he had restor'd, as many more
Diseased persons, round about the door,
Who there attended to receive their doom,
And would not thence depart till he did come.
But he who came commission'd from the Throne
Of the great God, to make his Gospel known,
Askt them with him to th' neighb'ring Towns to
For so his Father order'd him to do, (go,
That

The Birth of Christ.

That they his glorious Truths might likewise
And Power see, and of them witness bear. (hear
Then with the four he went (such care had he)
To preach the Gospel throughout *Galilee*.
And dayly in their Synagogues he taught
Th' abused People, and such VVonders wrought;
In curing those whom Satan had possesst,
That his Almighty Pow'r was manifest.

There was a Jew who a long while had been
Vext with a Leprous Scab all o're his Skin;
Who by the Priest was, by a rigid doom,
Forbid within their Synagogues to come;
He came to Jesus with an humble Soul,
And begg'd, on bended Knees, to be made whole.
For Lord, said he, I know if thou do'st please,
'Tis in thy pow'r to cure my foul Disease.
The Son of Love, who of our Bodies here,
As well as Souls hereafter, takes a care, (he;
Stretcht forth his Arm, and touching him, said
My pleasure 'tis, that thou henceforth shalt be
Freed from this Leprous Scab; and, as he said,
All on a sudden he was healthful made.
Then to the Priest he order'd him to go,
(As by the Law he was oblig'd to do)
And shew himself, and for his cleansing bring
VVhat was requir'd for an Offering.
But how he came to be restor'd, to none,
No not unto the Priest, to make it known.
Yet when he was departed, he began
To publish it, that Jesus was the Man,

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The Birth of Christ.

33

VWho wrought this mighty Cure, & though for-
To tell it, told them all he said, and did, (bid
So that with safety Jesus could no more
Enter the City, as he did before,
In publick, but a while withdrew aside
To Desert places, where he did abide;
But there the *Galileans* found him out,
Flocking from every quarter round about.

MIRACLE VI.

The Cure of a Man sick of a Palsie at Capernaum.

JESUS (though for a while he did refrain
From *Capernaum*) came at length again
Into the City, in the open day,
And to the house of *Simon* went straightway.
Long had he not been there, but a great Crew
VWas met together, when they once it knew;
A Crew so num'rous, that there was no room,
No not about the door, for all to come.
Jesus, who all occasions did embrace
To teach the People, what their duty was,
Arose, and sweetly the Almighty's will
Into their itching Ears did there instil,
But while amidst the Doctors of the Laws,
His Fathers sacred Truths he teaching was,
A Paralytick to the house was brought,
To have a Cure by his great power wrought.

D

But

But the ungovern'd press into the Room
 Would not permit the Bed-rid Wretch to come.
 When so his Friends bethought them of a wile,
 And, climbing to the top o' th' low built Pile,
 The Roof uncover'd; when they so had done,
 Into the Room they let the Palsy'd down.
 VVhen Jesus saw the strange unusual way,
 The Friends of the diseas'd had to convey
 The Paralytick to him, Son, said he,
 For thy great Faith, thy Sins forgiven be.

Which when the Scribes and Pharisees, who
 (were
 Sitting within the Room, with him, did hear,
 They thought within themselves, how dares this

(Ma
 Blaspheme at this rate, since there's none that

(can
 Forgive our Sins, but that Almighty One,
 Who sits above in his Celestial Throne.
 Jesus, who by his Pow'r Divine could tell
 Those ranc'rous thoughts, which in their hearts
 (did dwell

Looking upon the envious Scribes, did say,
 VVhy judg ye thus? Which is the easier way,
 To tell the Sick, thy Sins forgiven be,
 Or thou art cur'd of thine Infirmary?
 But that ye may the mighty Power know
 The Son of Man hath over all below,
 To make both Soul, and Body to arise
 Healthful, and free from all Infirmitie.

The Birth of Christ.

35

He stedfast look'd upon the Palsied Soul,
And bid him rise, for he was now made whole,
VVho straight obey'd, and taking up his Bed,
VVent forth before them all, recovered.
Now when the Jews beheld what Christ had
(done,
They were amaz'd, having the like ne're known,
And with their mouths gave glory to the Lord,
VVho so empower'd his great Prophets Word.

MIRACLE VII.

*The Cure of an Impotent Man, by the Pool of
Bethesda.*

AT Solyma there was a noted Feast,
To celebrate the which, the ever-Blest,
VVho ne're omitted what he ought to do,
In all obedience to the Law did go.
Within the Town there stood (just by the
Wherein the Jews did use to wash always (place
The slaughter'd Bodies of their harmless Beasts,
Which were to be the Victims at their Feasts)
An House of Mercy, where the Blind and
(Lame,
And Wither'd Persons lay, who thither came
To be immers'd within this bloody Pool,
In which who-e're was plung'd, was straight
made whole.

D 2

Under

Under this Roof an helpless Wretch did ly,
 Bound with the Bands of an Infirmitie
 Thirty eight years, expecting there to find
 Some pious Person, who would prove so kind,
 As him into this healing Bath to set,
 That he thereby might Strength and Vigour get;
 But this neglected He, could find not one
 (So little did they all his Case bemoan)
 That when the Waters troubled were therein,
 Would his assistance lend to put him in.
 The Son of Love, who all his life time spent
 In works of Mercy to the Impotent,
 Came to the place where the Diseas'd did lye,
 And looking on him with a tender Eye,
 Propos'd this question to the Bed-rid Soul,
 Whether he willing was to be made whole?
 Sir, said the Man, long have I waited here
 For this intent, but I am ne're the near;
 No Friend I have that when the VVaters be
 Troubled, their helping hand will lend to me,
 To put me in, others this blessing gain, (tain
 (Through help of Friends) which I cannot ob-
 Jesus, who knew the sad and helpless case
 Of the Diseas'd, and how he friendless was,
 Bid him arise, take up his Bed, and go
 Unto his house, for he was healed now.
 Then straight he rose, and taking up his Bed
 On which a long and sad Life he had led,
 Begun with it upon the Sabbath-day
 (On which the Cure was wrought) to go away

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This when the Jews beheld, who did detest
All violations of their Day of Rest,
They were enrag'd, and told him what he did
Upon that day, their sacred Law forbid,
Which no laborious action would allow,
And such was his, which he ought not to do.
But boldly he reply'd, the Man who made
Me whole this day, the same unto me said,
Take up thy Bed, and walk, and so I will,
Though in the very act you do me kill.
Then they demanded of him, who he was,
That durst command him to infringe their Laws,
And break the rest of that same sacred day,
Which he was strictly bound to keep alway;
But unto this the man could nothing say;
For then he knew not Jesus, who that day
Had healed him, and to the Jews unknown
Was stept aside, and from their envy gone.

After a while the ever-blessed Lord
Found him i'th' Temple whom he had restor'd,
Who out of tender pity to the man
Bid him be careful how he sinn'd again,
Since of his tedious Sicknefs he was well,
Lest a more fearful Judgment him befell.
But straight unto the Jews this silly Soul
Went and inform'd them Jesus made him whole,
Therefore they sought the ever-Blest to slay,
Because he heal'd him on the Sabbath-day.

MIRACLE VIII.

*The Cure of one who had a wither'd Hand,
wrought in Galilee.*

AS Jesus travell'd through the Fields of Corn,
With his Disciples, on the Sabbath Morn,
His little Flock with gnawing Hunger took,
T'appease its rage, the full-ear'd Corn did pluck.
When this the formal Pharisees did see,
(VWho no respect had to necessity)
They told the ever-blessed Jesus, how
His Follow'rs did what they ought not to do,
They broke upon that Solemn Day their Fast,
Before the publick Services were past,
Which strictly by their *Moses* was forbid
In his own Law, and which they never did.

Jesus, who through this Vail their envy saw,
And better knew the meaning of the Law
Than these dissembling Zealots did, reply'd,
Have ye not read what God's Anointed did,
And his Companions, when from *Saul* they fled?
How they did eat the consecrated Bread,
Which to the Temple, and the Priests belong'd,
And by this action thought the Law not
(wrong'd.

And in the Law have ye not notice ta'ne,
How that the Priests i'th' Temple do prophane
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The sacred Sabbath? And yet blameless are,
Although the work they then performed were,
But for the service of the Temple, not
To be allow'd on that day to be wrought.

Now if that *David* and his men, who were
With Hunger pinch'd, might safely without fear
The Shew-bread take, and without sinning eat
Those hallow'd Loaves, for want of other Meat,
Why may not my Disciples be allow'd
(Since they were destitute of other Food)

To pluck and eat the ripened ears of Corn,
Although they did it on the Sabbath Morn?
That which they did, being but to abate
Their raging Hunger, which requir'd Meat,
And in the Laws intention sure they are,
No more blame-worthy, than the other were.
Their Cases are alike, and therefore must
Both sinful be, or both accounted just.

And if th'appeasing Sacrifices may,
Be by the Priests dress'd on the Sabbath-day,
Why may not my Disciples crop the Corn,
As they walk'd through it on the Sabbath Morn,
Since holy days, as well as things, may be
Prophan'd in cases of necessity?

If inhumane ye were not, as ye are,
And so unlike to God, who doth declare,
That Mercy is more pleasing in his Eyes
By far, than is the richest Sacrifice,
You would (as 'twas your duty to have done)
Put on this act the best construction:

And not have charg'd my Follow'rs, for this
(deed,

With an offence, 'cause what they herein did,
Was but in order to my Service done,
And with my liking, and permission,
Who Lord am of the Sabbath, and so may
Forgive the breach of that Religious day.

This said, and having justify'd this Deed,
And his Disciple from the Cavils freed,
Of the most ipightful Pharisees, the place
He forthwith left, where the Contention was,
And went another Sabbath day into
Their Synagogue, and, as he us'd to do,
The silly People most divinely taught,
Where this ensuing Miracle he wrought.

Among the great Assembly there did stand
A poor disabled Person, whose right hand
Was shrivel'd up, he hearing of the Fame
Of Jesus, to be heal'd, unto him came.
The baffled Scribes and Pharisees, who were
Thirsty for an occasion to ensnare
The blessed Jesus; waiting for him lay,
To see him heal upon the Sabbath-day:
A deed, which they accounted such a Crime,
That 'twould condemn him in the Sanhedrim,

But Jesus, who their thoughts did under-
(stand,

Commanded him who had the wither'd Hand
To rise, and in the mid'st stand forth of all
Those who their Malice did Religion call;
Straight

The Birth of Christ.

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Straight he arose, and this command obey'd,
Then Jesus, sternly looking on them, said--
One thing I'll ask of you, who seem so wise
To think all knowledge in your bosom lies,
Who so great Criticks in your Laws are known,
Is good or evil lawful to be done
Upon your Sabbath-days? Or is it fit
To destroy Life, or else to rescue it?
But they so puzzled were at what he said,
That to his Queries they no answer made.

Then went he on -- Who is there of you all
Shall have a Sheep, that by a chance shall fall
Into a steepy-pit o'th' Sabbath-day,
And will not take the liberty to lay
Hold on it, and endeavour all he can
To pull it out? -- How much more is a Man
Better than such a Creature? Wherefore know,
Men may good actions on the Sabbath do.

Then fiercely looking on the thronging

(Croud

Who there around him (full of envy) stood,
Griev'd at the very Soul, to find not one
That had the Bowels of Compassion,
He bid the Man who had the wither'd Hand,
(And in the middle of the Throng did stand)
To stretch it forth, who did as Jesus said,
And whole that Hand was as the other made.

MIRACLE

MIRACLE IX.

*The Cure of several Persons. by our Saviour, when
he came down from the Mountain.*

Jesus, whose Soul was on Devotion bent,
Having all night in fervent Prayer spent
Upon a Mountain: when the Worlds great Eye
Pierc'd through the sable Clouds, and made them
Call'd his Disciples to him, and of them (fly:
Made choice of twelve for to attend on him.
These he Apostles nam'd, because that he
Purpos'd, so soon as they were fit to be
Employ'd by him; to send them forth to Preach,
Those right'ous Laws which he came down to
(Teach;
But first in Jewry they were to make known,
Th' eternal Precepts of the mighty One,
And after that (when he was Thron'd on High)
Throughout the World to Preach up Piety.

Th' Apostles thus made choice of to fulfil,
The pleasure of his just and sacred Will,
He from the Leavy Mountains shady Brow,
On which he Pray'd, did with his Follow'rs go,
Into the spacious Plain, and there he stood,
As most convenient for the Multitude,
Who with more ease might there his Doctrin
And to him come, those who diseased were. (hear,
Being there, (besides the residue of those
Who Jesus for their blessed Master chose)

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The Birth of Christ.

43

Great multitudes of People to him came
Out of *Judea* and *Jerusalem*,
And from the Sea-coasts of the stately *Tyre*
And pop'lous *Sydon*: some with a desire
To hear him Preach, and some, infirm that were,
In hope once come, they should be healed there,
Herein so gracious was the blessed Son
Of the Almighty, that there was not one
That mist his expectation, for he Preach'd
The Gospel to them, and his Virtue reach'd
To those who were Diseas'd. So good was he
That through his mighty Love he set them free
That came posses't with Devils, and them cur'd
Who any kind of Miseries endur'd,
And did but touch him, such an healing pow'r,
Then issuing from him, that the self same hour
Unto as perfect Health, as e're before,
He did their Bodies, and their minds restore.

MIRACLE X.

The Cure of a Leper by our Saviour, after he had ended his Sermon on the Mountain.

DOWN from the Mountain Jesus did descend,
Into the Plain, when he had made an end,
Of his Discourse, and with him many were,
Who came from places far remote, and near;
Amongst the rest whom fame had thither

(brought,
Hearing the wond'rous Cures which Christ had
wrought,

A

A poor infected Leper came, and layd
Humbly himself at his blest Feet, and said,
Lord, if thou wilt my Cure but undertake,
Thou can'st me clean of my Distemper make;
Say but the Word, and I am well assur'd,
So soon as it is spoke, I shall be cur'd.

When Jesus saw his Faith, and likewise how
He was assured what his Pow'r could do,
Though his Disease was such as there was none
Could heal, besides the ever blessed Son,
Stretcht forth his hand, to shew how ready he
Was to do good, and touch'd him presently.

What legal Priest or Pharisee is there,
Who durst in this case do, as he did here?
Sure if a Leper had to any one
Of them but come, and his Disease made known,
And for his Cure as humbly made request
To him, as this did to the ever-Blest,
He would have loath'd the most deplored sight
Of such a Wretch, and nimbly took his slight,
For fear th' Infection which he carried,
Might with a leprous Scab his Skin o're-spread.
But Jesus, whose kind love doth over-flow,
And knows no bounds to us poor Souls below,
Dealt not, upon th' account of his Disease,
So with this man, as he would in this case,
But was so far from being inhumane,
As to avoid the poor infected Man,
When he came to him to be cur'd, that he
Seeing his Faith and great humility,

No

The Birth of Christ.

45

No otherwise beseeching from his hand (stand,
His Health, than might with his good pleasure
Both touch'd him with his hand, & likewise said;
(To shew the mighty Power which he had)
Because thou dost believe, and art most sure,
That if I will I can effect thy Cure,
I'll do it for thee, therefore from thy foul
And leprous Scab be thou for ever whole.
No sooner had the ever-blessed Lord
This said, but so effect'al prov'd his Word,
That it the Lepers Skin immediately
Alter'd, and cleans'd him from his Leprosie.
The Leper cleansed, Jesus bid him tell
To no man who it was, that made him well:
For if this should be to the Phar'ees known,
Which I have for thee at this instant done,
So spiteful are they, and they hate me so,
That what they could to blast this Cure they'd
And on my Fall so firmly they are bent, (do,
They'd make me feel what Malice can invent,
But go thou to the Priest, and to him show
Thy self, as by the Law thou ought'st to do,
And if he doth declare thee to be free,
And throughly purged of thy Leprosie.
As he hath hitherto, upon good ground,
Judg'd thee infected, and a man unsound;
Then offer him the Gift with thine own hand,
Which God by *Moses* strictly did command;
That he, by his receiving it of thee,
May own thou'rt cleansed from thy Leprosie:
That

That when the Multitude this thing shall know,
 That thou art clean, and by him judged so,
 They may believe, what now they will not own,
 That I am truly their *Jehovah's* Son,
 Since this great Cure I wrought on thee is such,
 As none could do, but by an heav'nly touch.

MIRACLE XI.

*The Cure of a Centurions Servant in Caperna-
 um, who was sick of a Palsie.*

Near to *Genes'reth's* Lake there is a Town,
 Within the known Precincts of *Zabulon*,
 And *Nepthali*, which all men by the Name
 Of *Capernaum* call, of noted Fame. }
 Hither the holy Jesus often came,
 Because the place was populous, and so
 Gave him occasions oftentimes to do
 Many stupendous Wonders, and thereby
 Those sacred Truths he taught, to ratifie:
 As he was entring now into this place,
 It so fell out, that there a Captain was
 Whose faithful Servant had for sometime lain
 Sick of a Palsie, in such a horrid pain,
 That he was past all humane art to save,
 And now descending to the silent Grave.
 At this much troubled the Centurion was,
 And highly grieved for his Slave, because

He

The Birth of Christ.

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He dearly lov'd him, having found him just
In all those things committed to his trust.
Hearing therefore from sundry Jews the Fame
Of Jesus, who were once both Sick and Lane,
Whom he had healthful made, how happy he
Was in the curing any Malady,
That either was inflicted on the Mind,
Or on the Body seiz'd, of any kind;
Sent unto him the Elders of the Jews,
To beg him in their Names not to refuse
To come, and heal his Servant who had prov'd
Faithful to him, and whom he dearly lov'd.
Not with the least mistrust did he request
This favour of them to the ever-blest,
Thinking that if he personally came,
Jesus unto him would not grant the same:
But meerly out of great humility,
And a most wise and bashful modesty,
Knowing himself to be an Alien,
And then a Souldier, both which kind of Men
The Jews did for the greatest part abhor,
As men of no Religion, thought therefore
Himself unworthy for to come, and crave
This favour of him for his faithful Slave.
And this the Elders of the Jews did know,
And therefore they, when begg'd by him to go
To Jesus, with his humble suit to have
Some speedy help for his poor dying Slave,
Went forthwith to him, and with earnestness
The holy Jesus for his Cure did press,

And

And thus they said — Sir, we beseech thee, take
 No notice that the man, for whose kind sake
 We come unto thee, is a Stranger here,
 And more than that a *Roman* Souldier;
 And that the person we intreat to have
 Restor'd to health, is this same Souldier's Slave;
 For lo the Captain, whom this man doth serve,
 A worthy person is, and doth deserve
 In several respects (to us well known)
 To have as great a kindness to him shown
 As this, for which we are now come to thee;
 For he's our real Friend, and one that we
 Are well assured doth our Nation love,
 And this which he hath done for us doth prove;
 For we have by his bounty, at this day,
 And cost, a Synagogue wherein to Pray.

When Jesus heard the sayings of these men;
 To shew that he despis'd no man, how mean
 Soever, if he truly did believe
 That he could help and succour to him give,
 Went with the Elders of the Jews straightway
 Towards the house where the sick Servant lay,
 And being not far distant from the place,
 Where the tormented Paralytick was,
 Some Friends of his the Captain did request
 To go with him, and meet the ever-Blest,
 Who with a lowly reverence drawing near,
 Did with these following words salute his Ear--

Lord, trouble not thy self, for I am one
 Who am not worthy to have favour shown,

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The Birth of Christ.

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So great a Favour as I ask of thee,
Under my homely Roof thy Face to see.
Wherefore I neither thought my self i'th' least
Worthy to come to thee with this request;
But let thy blessed lips but speak the word,
And to his health my Slave shall be restor'd.
For so all pow'rful art thou, I am sure
Thou needs not present be, to work a Cure,
But canst a Patient to his Health restore,
Though absent, and by Sicknes at Deaths dore.
Besides this Cure's too mean, and much below
Thy Majesty, to come thy self and do.
Matters of small importance I transfer
Unto those Persons, who my Servants are,
And bearing rule, with me they never stand
To argue, but obey my just command.
For if I say to one man go, he go'th,
And to another come, this thing he doth;
And do but this unto my Servant say,
Forthwith he doth it, without more delay.
Now if such force in my Commands do lye,
That they (though I sit still) as certainly
Are executed by those men. who are
Under my Rule, as if I present were, (done
And did put all those things which they have
For me, my self in Execution.
How much more shall thy Servants, Lord, fulfill
What thou injoy'n'st, and do thy sacred Will,
Although thou do'st not stir to see it done,
For such thy power is, that there is none

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The Birth of Christ.

That can for greatness equal it, and thou
 Can'st make them able, what thou wilt, to do
 Thus spake the Captain, and his words were
 That Jesus marvell'd at them very much, (such
 And turning him about did thus declare
 Unto the People, who him following were,
 So great a Faith as this, I freely say,
 I have not found in *Isr'el* to this day;
 And furthermore, I tell you, there shall come
 Many from all parts of the World, on whom
 You look and do abhor, as men who are
 Strangers and Aliens to your Nation here,
 Who shall by Faith admitted be into (you,
 The Church of God, though now contemn'd by
 And in the Kingdom of that Holy One,
 With your Renowned Ancestors sit down,
 And for their Faith, as their dear Children be
 Own'd, and with them enjoy felicity.
 Whereas the Children who from those did come,
 That promis'd were this Kingdom, and to whom
 It by the Virtue of the Cov'nant made,
 Had still belong'd, if foolishly they had
 Not forfeited their right by such a Life
 Which wicked was, and full of unbelief:
 I say, that none of these Children shall be,
 Admitted to this blest Eternity,
 But unto utter Darkness shall be thrown,
 And there the loss of those blest Joys bemoan,
 And gnash their Teeth, that that felicity (be
 Which they were promis'd, and have mist, should
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Conferred on them, whom they look'd upon
As meerly Strangers to their Nation.
When Jesus thus unto the Jews had spoke,
He on the Captain cast a gracious look,
And said unto him -- Go thy way, and as
Thou hast believ'd so it shall come to pass,
And when they came unto the house they found,
Just as the Lord had said, the Servant found.

MIRACLE XII.

*The raising of a Widow's Son to Life, who dwelt
at Naim.*

THe morrow, after the beloved Son
Of the Most High, the wondrous Cure
(had done
For the Centurion's Servant, who was just
Crumbling again into his Mother Dust,
He, with the rest who his Attendants were,
To Naim went; and as they did draw near
Unto the City Gate, with solemn pace,
A num'rous Train from thence just coming was,
Attending to the Grave the only Son,
Of a disconsolate Widow of that Town.
Jesus, who saw as they did pass along, (throng,
The grieving Parent 'mongst the mournful
Touch'd with compassion at the Tears she shed,
For the lost Pledg of her once Nuptial Bed,

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Unto

The Birth of Christ.

Unto the sad and desolate Widow made,
And thus aloud, these following words, he said,—
Weep not, fond Woman, for thine only Son,
Nor blame God's goodness, who this thing hath

(done,
Though in thine eyes, this dealing seems severe,
Such must be born with by his Creatures here;
Who knows but God (who best knows what to

(do)
Hath took this Child, thine only joy from you,
Turning thy cheartful day to dismal night,
To discipline thee in his ways aright.

Who didst perhaps more value fading Dust,
Than the Almighty Father of the Just?
Or how dost know, but that he this did do,
That he might to thee, and these Persons shew,
The Sov'raign Power he hath over all
To take, and back Man's Life again recall,
That so your Faith might up to Heaven soar,
And there be fixt, and never waver more?

Then stepping to the Bier, he laid his Hand
Upon it, and the Bearers did command
Upon the Ground to set the breathless Load,
When straight, the ever-blessed Son of God
Call'd to the Youth, who with the fatal Chain
Of Death was bound, to rise to Life again.
Which words no sooner from his Lips did take
Their flight, but that the Dead arose and spake
Him raised, Jesus to the Mother brought,
Who over-joy'd was at the Wonder wrought,

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And all much marvell'd at the Mercy shown,
And glory gave to the Almighty One:
Professing that a mighty Prophet now
His *Isr'el* had, to whom they all would bow.
And straight the Fame of Jesus ran throughout
Judea, and the Regions thereabout.

MIRACLE XIII.

Jesus's Cure of a Demoniack, who was Blind and Dumb, after his return to Capernaum; and of the difference and concertation between him and the Scribes about it.

WEaried with Travel, and with Hunger
Into a House at *Capernaum* went (spent,
Jesus and his Apostles, to appease
Their craving Stomachs, and themselves to ease.
Scarce were they entred in, but spreading Fame,
Throughout the City, had divulg'd the same:
Which brought the People in great numbers
(there,
Where Jesus and his fainting Servants were;
Who did the Cure of their Diseases press
Unto him, with such moving earnestness,
That neither he could so much leisure get,
Nor his Apostles, as to take some Meat.

Among the rest, who did to Jesus come,
There was a poor Demoniack Blind and Dumb,
Whose

Whose Friends did in an humble manner crave,
 That the poor Wretch his Sov'raign help might
 Jesus beholding with a tender Eye (have
 The sad Estate, in which the man did lye,
 Cast forth the Devil by his pow'rful word,
 Unloos'd his Tongue, and his lost sight restor'd;
 So that the blind and dumb man now was
 To see, and talk to admiration. (known

This wonder Jesus had no sooner done,
 But the amazed Multitude begun
 To entertain within their Breasts a thought
 Of just suspicion, that the man, who wrought
 Such famous Deeds, deserv'd no less a Name
 Than the *Messias*, that he was the same,
 The Son of *David* who was long foretold;
 And most there present this Belief did hold;
 But when the env'ous *Pharisees*, who were
 Haters of *Jesus*, did this saying hear,
 They then resolv'd their utmost skill to use,
 Behind the Back of *Jesus*, to traduce
 His Glorious Name, thinking thereby that they
 Might from him draw the peoples hearts away:
 But on himself they did not dare to set,
 Conscious that he would by the Contest get.

Therefore, to bring their *Hellish Plot* to pass,
 (The rend'ring *Jesus* worthy of disgrace)
 They knew no better and no surer way
 Than this, to take —, it cannot be (say they)
 That this same Fellow should be *David's Son*,
 (As ye suppose) who is of low Birth known:

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The Son of *David*, as ye all do know,
 Shall be a mighty Prince, shall great things do,
 Here in a Glorious Manner shall Command,
 And over us bear Rule, from whose strong hand
 We must expect deliverance from those
 Who are our potent and our deadly Foes;
 Whereas this Fellow is so mean a thing,
 So far from being such a Glorious King,
 That he deserves not to be thought on more,
 Being a Wretch so despicably poor.
 Besides, his Deeds most inconsistent are
 With the high Birth of *David's* Son and Heir;
 For he with such a Train goes up and down
 As is of no repute, (as 'tis well known)
 Teaching such Doctrines which no Mortal Ear
 Before his coming did the like e're hear;
 Curing Diseases, in their Natures such
 As the most Sov'raign'st Drugs could never
 And casting Devils out of the posselt, (ouch,
 By that Internal Prince who sways the rest.

Thus they asperst his ever-Blessed Name,
 And by this means thought to Eclipse his Fame;
 But what he did, or to his Charge was laid,
 His Friends, as yet, no Intimation had:
 Till at the length, unto their Ears was brought
 Both what he did, and by what means he
 (wrought,

And being then so generally known
 And talk'd of, they so credulous were grown,

As to believe it true, and so instead (mad,
 Of clearing his good Name, they thought him
 And out they went, with a resolved mind,
 Him, as one Frantick, with strong Chains to
 (bind:

But *Jesus*, who as they suppos'd was mad,
 Far other thoughts than his Relations had,
 Of what the *Pharisees* did go about,
 And had of him in secret given out:
 He knew they had in a most high degree
 Injur'd his Father, and notoriously
 Himself had slander'd, telling it about,
 The Pow'r, by which he cast the Devils out,
 Was to the Prince of the Infernal Club
 To be ascrib'd, *The mighty Be'lzebub*.
 Whereas the Pow'r by which he this did do,
 Did solely and of right belong unto
 His Father, who in Justice ought to have
 That Honour, which to *Be'lzebub* they gave.
 Calling therefore the *Pharisees* to him,
 Who to his Charge had laid so foul a Crime;
 And intimating to them, that he knew
 Their thoughts, and how behind his Back as true,
 They had reported that he went about,
 By *Beelzebub* casting Devils out;
 He plainly told them, that it could not well
 Be thought that he should those damn'd Fiends
 In such a manner as they said he did; (expell
 Since Reason needs must such vain thoughts for-
 (bid:

Because

The Birth of Christ.

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Because it could not in the least consist
With Hell's Imperial Monarch's Interest,
Herein to help him; for suppose he should
Lend his Infernal Aid to him, it would
Among his Subjects a division make,
And the Foundation of his Empire shake,
Laying the Pillars of his burning Throne
In Fatal Ruine and Destruction.

Herein his Kingdom being like unto
Our Earthly Princes Kingdoms, which we know
Cannot subsist, unless upheld they be
By Concord, and among themselves agree.

Again, those Men who do the Titles bear
Of my Apostles, and your Children are,
Do cast out Devils in my Name, and yet
From you they meet with no reproof for it:
If they such Wonders do, and in my Name,
And by my Power, and receive no blame,
VVhy then do ye so basely go about
To censure me, for casting Devils out?

Since in God's Name, and for his Glory too,
And your Relief and Comfort this I do?
VVere ye but with ingenious Souls possess'd,
Not Slaves to Envy or Self-Interest,
You would not thus defame me as you do,
But would ascribe my Miracles unto
The pow'r of God, and by thus doing show,
You own his Kingdom is now come to you.
That this the time of the *Messias* is,
VVhose Mission God hath testify'd with these

Ama.

Amazing wonders, which hee'd ne're have done,
 Had I not been his true but feigned Son.
 Besides I do not (as ye fancy) stand
 In need of Hells black Monarch's helping hand
 To cast out Devils, for let Reason sway,
 You must me free from this unlawful way;
 For I am stronger than he is, and so
 Into his closest dwelling-place can go,
 Bind him, and spoil his goods, when ever I
 Shall think it fit his sturdy force to try.
 His pow'r I know, compar'd to mine's so small,
 That let him use his utmost force, it shall
 Not hinder me from turning of him out
 Of them, he hath into's possession got.

Once more, ye most-ungrateful Wretches, I
 Declare unto you, that I work not by
 That Stygian Prince, for he's my mortal Foe,
 And truly merits to be reck'ned so:
 For who's not for me, must against me be,
 He being therefore so implacably
 Mine enemy, and no way to be brought
 And reconcil'd to me, it can't be thought
 Worthy of credit, that he ever should
 Help me to cast the Damned from their hold.
 So that, what ever Miracles I do,
 Must needs be own'd the work of God by you,
 And by his power wrought, who thinks not this,
 Thinks both of God and of my works amiss.
 Wherefore the causeless malice which you bear
 To me your Friend, let me no more of't hear,
 And

And don't, against your Consciences, defame
My famous deeds, and my immortal Name ;
For seeing they were by the Spirit wrought
Of the Eternal one, to go about
To slander and oppose them, is a Crime
So horrid, and so odious unto him,
That if 'till death with an obdurate heart
It meet, there can be no forgiveness for't.
And ye most justly merit to receive
This rigid doom, since sland'rously ye have
Imputed these my Miracles unto
Man's restless Foe, and have affirmed too
I work them by his Spirit, whereas I
Do by his Spirit work, who's thron'd on High.
For by so doing, if we must the Tree
Judge by the fruit it bears, then surely ye
Imply, that the eternal-Holy-Ghost,
A Spirit is of the Infernal Host,
Which is the highest blasphemy I know
Can be imagin'd to affirm him so.

Shall I (ye whited Sepulchers) declare,
That ye a wretched sort of people are,
And an infectious brood of Vipers? truly less
I cannot, must not say of you than this,
For what you are, your Language doth relate,
Men of unhallow'd hearts and reprobate.
Your words, which issue from them as the stream
Doth from the Fountain, verifie this same.
And as your words (which the true Tables are
To show your hearts & all that's treasur'd there)
Are

Are highly sinful, so by you they ought
 To be esteem'd as such, and think them not
 Too light or worthless (as ye seem to do)
 To be accounted for one day by you.
 For I declare, that ev'ry idle word
 That men shall speak, before the dreadful Lord
 Shall be computed for in that great day
 Of Judgment, when he will their Sins display;
 Much more shall they be to a reck'ning brought,
 Who have such words, as yours are, given out;
 Words full of Defamations and of Lies,
 Great slanders and notorious Blasphemies:
 For these they shall the dreadful doom receive
 Of the damn'd Spirits, and their Torments have,
 As they shall cleared and rewarded be
 For words that good are, to Eternity.

(heard

Then, when the Scribes and Pharisees had
 These stabbing truths, which Jesus had declar'd,
 Dissembling in their hearts the deadly hate
 They bore unto him, humbly did intreat
 That he a Token would from Heaven give,
 Whereby they might upon good grounds be-

(lieve,

That the undoubted Christ of God he was,
 Sent from him to instruct them in his Laws.

But Jesus, who did never guess amiss,
 Knowing they had a different end in this,
 That notwithstanding all their fair pretence,
 'Twas but a snare to trap his innocence,

That

The Birth of Christ.

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That their chief cause in asking such a Sign
Was but to take occasion to begin (ease
A quarrel with him, which with much more
They might commence about such things as
(these,

Than about them, which in their natures are
Unto the outward Senses much more near.
Thus said—A vile and wicked People call
And seek for Signs, but there shall none at all,
But that of *Jonas*, granted to them be,
Who is a true and lively Type of me.
For as three days and nights the Prophet lay
(Excluded from a life-infusing Ray)
Within his moving Scaly-Tomb shut fast,
And was by God restor'd alive at last;
So shall the Son of Man (of heav'nly Birth)
Almost three days and nights within the Earth
Entombed lye, and then again shall rise
The third day, crown'd with lasting Victories;
And they who by this means will not be

(wrought,
And to conviction and repentance brought,
Nor to the preaching of my Follo'ers give
A willing ear, and what they teach believe,
Shall by the *Ninivites* adjudged be,
Because though they were in a high degree,
Sinful, so sinful, that before the face
Of the great God came up their wickedness,
Crying aloud, on them to shower down
His dreadful vengeance from his sacred Throne:

Yet

The Birth of Christ.

Yet, from the Prophets freedom from his Goale,
 The slimy Belly of the monstrous Whale,
 And Preaching to them, they in Sack-Cloath
 And did sincerely of their Sins repent. (went,
 Whereas against my Preaching you are now,
 So stubborn, and so stiffly bent, that though
 I am by much a greater Prophet known,
 Than *Jonas*, being the Eternal Son,
 God having testify'd of me this same
 By a loud Voice, which from the Heavens came;
 Yet to my Resurrection you'll not give
 Credit, nor be perswaded to believe
 What my Apostles by my Spirit shall
 Instruct you, so as to repent at all.
 That Famous *Æthiopian* Queen likewise,
 Shall up i'th' Judgment 'gainst this Nation rise,
 And it condemn, because she came from far,
 The Wisdom of King *Solomon* to hear:
 Whereas against me you have entertain'd
 So great displeasure, that you won't be gain'd
 To come and be inform'd of me, although
 To do't, you need no tedious Steps to go:
 And sure to most of you it must be known,
 That I am greater much than *Solomon*,
 And highly him in Wisdom do surpass,
 And therefore abler am, than e're he was,
 To give you both instructions, and advice,
 How to attain to be divinely wise.
 His Wisdom being in such things as here
 Occurr'd, and Natural and Humane were;

Not

Not such a Wisdom as was like to mine,
 Perfect in matters Sacred and Divine,
 And such a Wisdom, that would you but be
 Perswaded to embrace it heartily,
 Would mrke you wise, and so direct your feet,
 That you at last with endless Joys should meet.
 But as for you, and likewise for the rest
 Of this your Nation, who have been so blest
 With all-sufficient means to bring you to
 A timely Sorrow for your Sins, and who
 Have had so many Wonders 'mong you wrought,
 So many Fiends of the Posselt cast out,
 And yet so far have hitherto been known
 From walking worthy of these Mercies shewn,
 That ye the God of Love blasphemed have,
 By whom I Work, and who me Power gave,
 That let me tell you, ye are highly in
 A sad Condition through your wilful Sin,
 And that your State is much more hopeles now,
 By Satans second coming into you,
 Than 'twas before I liv'd among you here;
 Or than it would have been, if I had ne're
 Cast Satan out, for now he'll with him take
 (That he may safe his regain'd Conquest make)
 More, and worse Spirits, than he did before,
 To tempt you unto Sin, and make you more
 Wicked each day than other, until he
 Hath you involv'd in endless Misery.

Many more Wonders than we here do
 Jesus perform'd in his Disciples sight: (write,
 These

These are recorded, that you all might know
Him, the Messiah, which was promis'd you;
And that, believing him to be the same, (Name.
You might have Life, through his Eternal

*The Prayer of the Most Holy Jesus, before his
Apprehension. Saint John.*

1. **N**OW when the great and glorious Son of
(Love
Who for our Bliss forsook his own above,
Had ended his Discourse, with lift up Eyes,
And elevated Hands, to Heav'n he cries,
2. Father the hour of my Death draws on
For all Mankind, now glorifie thy Son,
That I may be enabled to go through,
The weighty business which I come to do.
3. And as my Power doth extend to All,
To give Eternal Life, permit the fall
Of none of those whom I came down to save,
Let them the Merits of my Passion have.
4. All thou requirest to Enthrone Men there
Where Joys most perfect and Eternal are,
Is this, to own thee as the Supreme One,
Thy Laws obey, and to embrace thy Son.
5. This I have publish'd since I came below,
I have not fail'd thy sacred Will to show,
Having now finish'd what I came for here,
Attend, O heavenly Father, to my Pray'r.

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The Birth of Christ.

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6. When I have suffer'd what is due to Man,
Receive me up unto thy Joys again,
Give me that Glory which I had with Thee,
Before the World was, from Eternity, (thou

7. As for those Men, whom from their Callings
Gav'st to attend me hear, thy Will they know;
From thee I did receive them, thine they were,
My Will, as thine they have obey'd with care.

8. Those glorious things for which I did come
(down,

I have not secret kept, but made them known,
They have embrac'd that Message brought by
Firmly believing that I came from thee. (me,

9. For these peculiar Men to thee I pray,
Confirm their Faith that no Temptation may
Seduce their hearts, nor Terrors e're withdraw
Their skilful Tongues from publishing thy Law.

10. For th' impenitent I no mention make,
Let them the fruit of all their Sins partake;
For them I pray, and for their constancy,
Who are thy Gift, and who have served me.

11. These I commend unto thy gracious care,
Now I am going hence, protect them here:
I come to thee, O holy Father, keep (Sheep.
From the devouring Wolves these harmless

12. O let no Errour in their Doctrin be,
Make them in that, as thou and I, agree,
That in the end when they their course have

(run,
They may sit down with an Immortal Crown.

F

13. While

13. While I was with them I have lost not one,
But that same Rebel of Perdition,
Of whom the Prophet Prophecy'd to be
Ordain'd of Old, for this Apostacy.

14. But now I come to thee, yet, Lord, before
I leave this World, I publickly implore
That they may always, in my absence, have
That joy and courage which my Presence gave.

15. They'l be expos'd, because they heav'nly are,
To Perils and Afflictions, ev'ry where,
Where they shall Preach that Faith they had

(from me,

They'l find the World their mortal Enemy.

16. Yet I intreat thee not to take them hence,
But keep them safe, and be their sure defence,
That the approaching danger may not be
Of force enough to shake their Constancy.

17. The World to them, as well as me, they'l
(find

Will always prove most envious, and unkind;
Yet sanctifie them so to Preach thy Word,
That it may fruitful prove where-e're 'tis heard.

18. To preach thy Will into the World I came,
I have impow'r'd them to do the same;
For them I intercede, and give to thee
My Self, to fit them for the Ministry.

19. Yet pray I not for these alone, but all
Who by the power of their Preaching shall
Conform unto thy Word, that they, as we;
May here be one, and in thy Faith agree.

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The Birth of Christ.

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20. That all who yet are unconverted, may
Acknowledge thee, and all thy Laws obey,
And of their gross Idolatries repent,
And be convinc'd that I from thee was sent.

21. That Power, Father, which thou gav'st me
Of working Wonders, my Disciples are (here,
Invested with the same, grant them to be
No whit inferiour in their Works to Me.

22. That by those mighty Deeds which they
(shall do,
When I am gone, the stubborn World may
(know

I came from thee, that thy affections are
To them as great, as unto me they were.

23. Father, I will that all my Servants may
Be where I am, for ever to enjoy
Thy gracious Love, that they may all behold
The Glory which I had with thee of Old.

24. O Righteous Father, though the Worldly-
(wise

Dis-own my Message, and thy Love despise,
I know thy Will, my Servants know the same,
From thy Eternal-Self they know I came.

25. Therefore those glorious Attributes of thine,
And Will, I have, and will declare to mine;
All things I'll give them which thou gav'st to
Both Wisdom, Power, and Fidelity. (me,

*On Jesus his Apprehension, Examination, Death,
Resurrection and Ascension.*

WHEN the Eternal Son these words had
(spoke,
Unto the Mount of *Olives* o're the Brook
Of *Cedron*, with his Followers he went,
Where was a Garden, which they did frequent:
Jesus, who knew the Tragedy of Sin,
Must in that hallow'd-Plot of Ground begin,
Bid his Disciples at the Door to stay,
And thence not move, while he went in to Pray:
Then taking with him *Peter, James and John*,
(The three which once beheld th' Eternal Son,
Cloath'd with a dazzling-Cloud of shining
(Light
Upon the Mount, that they the dismal Night
Might see of Sorrow, which his Soul for Sin
Was in that instant to be clouded in)
Came to the place which he design'd should be,
The doleful Theatre of his Agony.
When to three he freely did impart,
What pungent Sorrows did assail his Heart,
Commanding them upon their Guard to stand,
And pray against the threatning Storms at
(hand;
Not suffering Sleep upon their Eyes to creep,
But a strict Watch over their Souls to keep,
While

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While he the troubles of an Innocent,
 And spotless Soul, in Pray'r to Heaven sent.
 Sad unto Death he found himself now brought,
 When he beheld the deadly bitter draught,
 The Cup of Vengeance, flowing to the Brim,
 Fill'd by the Hand of God, and reach'd to him.
 Then did the pressures of that monstrous Load,
 Our crying Sins, and the fierce Wrath of God,
 Cause his most guiltless Soul to groan and bow,
 Under the weight, and purple drops to flow
 Down his most sacred Body, through each Pore,
 Dying his Garments, and the Ground all o're.
 On which he thrice did fall, and thence sent up,
 As oft this Pray'r --- *Father remove this Cup---*
 With such an humble Resignation still,
 That he submitted to his heav'ny Will. (could
 The careful Shepherd, whom no Sorrows
 With-hold from looking to his little Fold,
 Betwixt the intervals of fervent Pray'r
 Went, and awoke them, who fast sleeping were.
 And twice the Three he gently did reprove,
 That they for him should show no greater Love,
 Amid'st his troubles, than they had express'd,
 Sleeping, while he with Sorrow was deprest.
 But at his third return, their fill of Sleep
 He bid them take, in vain it was to keep
 A Watch, since now what he had oft foretold
 Was come to pass, the Son of Man was sold
 Into the hands of Sinners, who were now (do,
 Ent'ring with that bold-Wretch, who this did

The Birth of Christ.

His Apprehension.

VWhen lo, the Traytor to the Garden Door
 VWas come, and enter'd with a number more
 Of armed Men, who by the Sanhedrim
 VWere order'd as a Guard to wait on him.
 Jesus, who this, and all things else foreknew,
 Instead of flying meets the armed Crew,
 And boldly asks them, wherefore they came out
 VWith Lights, and VVeapons, whom it was they
 (sought?

Straight as one Voice the servile Slaves do cry,
 Jesus of Naz'reth; Jesus made reply,
 I am the Man ye seek; no sooner he
 Had this confest, but they immediately
 Fell to the Ground, as if with Lightning strook
 At his Almighty Voice, and dreadful look;
 Grov'ling upon the Earth they speechless lay,
 Till he again the second time did say,
 VWhom do ye seek? At this they all arise,
 With trembling Limbs, and with distorted Eyes,
 And told him Jesus, Jesus, was his Name
 Who preach'd Sedition, and for whom they
 Lo, said the Holy Jesus, I am he, (came.
 If you seek me, give these their liberty:
 Then had that saying of his, I lost not one
 Of all thou gav'st me, its completion.
 Now *Simon Peter*, all enraged drew (flew
 His long-sheath'd Sword, into the Crowd he
 VWith

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The Birth of Christ.

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With a most zealous Courage, void of fear,
At the first stroke he cuts off *Malchus* Ear,
And while his sturdy Arm was dealing blows
On ev'ry hand amid'st his Masters Foes,
Jesus calls out, and bids him sheath his Sword,
His Fury stopt at his commanding Word,
Peter, said he, shall I not drink the Cup
Sent by my Father, yes I'll drink it up.
Since 'tis determin'd, Souldiers come away,
What Heav'n commands, I must, and will obey.

Then came the Souldiers, and the sacred

(Hands

Of Jesus bound, with their thrice-twisted-Bands.
Unto the house of *Annas* (who then was
Prince of the Sanh'drim, and to *Cajaphas*
Father in Law) immediately they go,
And with big looks their willing Captive show.

His Examination.

Forth of the env'ous-Crowd the Judg calls
The blessed Jesus, questions him about out
His Servants, and his Doctrin, why he taught
In Corners, that which such dissention wrought,
Jesus reply'd, what from my Lips hath fell,
Most of this Nation can inform thee well,
In the Assembly of the Jews have I
Publish'd that Faith, for which I now must dye.
Ne're in forbidden Corners did I sneak,
But in their Temples publickly I spake;

F 4

If

If these my Words no Credit can command,
 Ask them the Truth of this who here do stand,
 At this a Serjeant who was standing near,
 Up with his impious Fist, and on the Ear
 Gave him a rude Salute, asking him why
 Unto the Judg he talk'd so saucily!
 Jesus reply'd, if I have spoken ill,
 Prove then the Crime, but if no words have fell
 VVhich do deserve such a rebuke from thee,
 How comes it then to pass thou smitest me?

Now *Annas*, who no Pow'r had to declare
 Judgment, except the Sev'nty present were,
 Fast bound unto the House of the High-Priest,
 To be examin'd, sent the ever-Blest.

Him follows *Peter*, and his dearest *John*,
 The rest were trembling to their Houses gone, }
 This last Disciple was to *Cajaphas* known.
 He with his Fetter'd Master 'mongst the rest,
 Enters the Palace of the Jews High Priest,
 But missing *Peter* in the num'rous Rout,
 Who at the Door stood Sorrowing without,
 Unto the Maid he goes, at his request,
Simon admittance had among the rest.

It being cold, within the Palace-Hall
 A Fire was made, the Souldiers round it all
 Stood warming of themselves, by the Hearths

(side,
 The pensive *Peter* stood while Christ was try'd.
 By a Divine-Impulse a Damsel goes
 And *Simon* asks, Art thou not one of those

VVho

The Birth of Christ.

73

Who serv'd this Jesus, whom they here have
(brought ?

The daunted Servant said he knew him not.
He who but even now had drawn his Sword
In the Defence of his beloved Lord,
That matchless Courage, by a Maid alone,
VVas made to tremble, and his Lord disown.

The Lamb of Life, who a long time had been
Under the snaring Test o'th' Sanhedrim,
VVhen they perceiv'd from his own Mouth
(they could

Not force the least unwary word that would
Give a pretence to bring his Death about,
False Witnesses the murd'rous Villains sought.
Sev'ral there came, who sundry things did bring,
But none of weight, nor two that vouch'd one
(thing.

At length a Pair of daring-Rogues were found,
VVhose Souls ne're felt a penitential-Wound,
That said, This Man affirm'd -- Do you destroy
The Temple which is now all *Israels* Joy,
And from the Ground again I'll eas'ly raise
Its Head (as now it stands) within three days.
Then from his Seat arose the Jews High-Priest,
With Eye-brows knit, and Eyes which Rage
(confest,

Demanding sternly what his Silence meant,
VVhether he Guilty was, or Innocent ?
But Jesus held his peace ; which when he saw
That from his Mouth his Threats could nothing
(draw, Cloathing

Cloathing his Face with a more peaceful Look,
 To a more cunning Wile himself betook ;
 Adjuring him by a most sacred Oath,
 The living God, to tell the naked Troth, (Son,
 Whether the Christ he were, the Great God's
 Who from the Clouds in Glory should come
 (down.

Jesus whose Tongue was never us'd to Lye,
 Knowing the hour of his Death drew nigh,
 Confest he was the same, and likewise told,
 That he whom now they did with Scorn behold,
 They Reassum'd into the Heav'ns should see,
 And Thron'd on the right Hand of Majesty,
 As visibly as at the Gen'ral-Doom, (come.
 By those dire Judgments which on them should
 Then *Cajaphas* his Cloaths with Fury rent,
 And to's embosom'd Hellish-Flames gave vent ;
 What farther need is there of Proof, said he,
 Since we have heard this horrid Blasphemy ;
 Your Judgments, Sirs ; Doth he deserve to Dy ?
 The Vote was Death, and that deservedly.

Then Jesus forth into the Hall was brought,
 Unto the Souldiers, to be set at naught ;
 Upon whose Face the dev'lish Moniters spit,
 And on his sacred Sides their Cudgels split.
 Hood-Winck'd, they Beat him, on the Muffled-
 (Face,

And bid him Proph'cy who the Smiter was.
 All the out-ragious Cruelties that Men
 Could Muster up, were Executed then

On

The Birth of Christ. 75

On the most inn'cent Lamb, until the Light
Drew back the Curtains of that grizly-Night.

Peter, who boldly once resolv'd to Dye
The worst of Deaths, rather than Christ deny,
Who once already, by the Fire-side,
The ever-Blest had cowardly denied;
And still there senseless stood, and saw the Jews
The Worlds great Ransom barbarously abuse,
Was by a Maid again, amid't the Throng,
Ask'd if he did not unto Christ belong; (more
But he although forewarn'd, disown'd once
His lovely Service; as he did before.

One of the High-Priests Servants, who was near
Rely'd to *Malchus*, that had lost his Ear,
To the forgetful *Peter* came, said he,
Art thou not one of those which I did see
With this Man in the Garden, tell me now?
Simon for-swore it, then the Cock did Crow.
When at that instant Jesus cast an Eye
Upon his Servant, who immediately (go,
Struck both with Shame and Sorrow, forth did
And by his Tears his true Repentance show.

Thirsty for Blood, just at the dawn of Day,
The Sanhedrim triumphingly away
Their Pris'ner Led unto the Pretor's Hall;
Come to the Door, they did for *Pilate* call;
Within the Hall they would not set a Foot,
Fondly conceiting that they should pollute
Themselves, in mingling with the Heathen
Being they were to eat the Passover. (there,
Pilate

Pilate inform'd that at his Palace-gate,
 A great Convention of the Jews did wait,
 To speak with him, that they had Jesus brought,
 Straight he arose, and to the Jews came out.
 Jesus presented, *Pilate* ask'd the Jews,
 What was the Crime, for which they did accuse
 Him whom they brought, what evil he had
 (done?)

Mov'd by a furious Zeal, the Scribes begun
 To tax him of Sedition, and that he
 Stirr'd up the People to a Mutiny.
 How that his Doctrin was against their Laws,
 And that no Tribute due to *Cæsar* was;
 That he declar'd himself the Christ to be,
 And saying so spoke horrid Blasphemy.
 He proudly vaunted that he was their King,
 And Death did merit for that only thing;
 Therefore they all made it their earnest Suit,
 That this Seducer he would Execute.

Pilate perceiving more of Rage to be
 In their request, than ought of Piety;
 Take him, said he, and by your own Law try,
 Whether he doth deserve to Live or Dye.
 Thou know'st, said they, the *Romans* of this
 (Right,
 Which once we had, have now depriv'd us quite,
 Leaving no pow'r in us to punish those (Laws;
 With Death, who have transgress'd against our
 To thee we come, and e're we'll stir from hence,
 We do expect thou'lt Judg this Man's offence.

Back

Back to the Judgment-Hall the Pretor went,
Seated within the dreadful Chair, he sent (in,
One for the Pris'ner, who was straight brought
With whom th' imperious Judg did thus begin.
Tell me, said he, art thou the King o'th' Jews?
Jesus reply'd, do they without accuse
Me of this Crime, or doth this Question spring
From thy own Brain, to say I am a King?

Am I a Jew, said *Pilate*? Do I read
Their Books, to know what they are promised,
Or whom they do expect? Not I, but they
Who are without, charge thee with what I say.
Tell me the great Offence which thou hast done
To make them bring this Accusation.

The blessed Jesus, not at all dismay'd,
At this their Charge, unto his Judg thus said,
As for an earthly Kingdom, I ne're fought,
Had I done this, my Servants would have
(fought,
And not have suffer'd what you see, these Bands,
But rescu'd me from my Oppressors Hands.
Now since they did not Fight in my Defence,
You may conclude my Kingdom's not from
(hence.

What dost thou own, said *Pilate*, unto me
Thou art a King, and hast Authority.
Jesus reply'd, 'tis true, a King I am,
To be a Witness to the Truth I came
Into the VWorld, the Pious do submit
Unto my Rule, and never question it.

Then

Then *Pilate* ask'd him, what by Truth he meant,
 But waited not his Answer, out he went
 Unto the Jews, & ask'd them why they brought
 This Man to him, in whom he found no fault.
 You know you have a Custom ev'ry Year,
 When you do celebrate your Passover,
 That I release a Pris'ner, whom ye chuse,
 Will ye that I set free the King o'th' Jews?
 Enrag'd at this, they all *Barabbas* cry,
Barabbas we will have, let this Man dye.
 Now this *Barabbas* was a Robber known,
 And cast in Prison for a Murder done.

Pilate much fearing that the stubborn Jews
 Would make an uproar, if he should refuse
 To punish Jesus, forthwith gave command
 Unto a Souldier of the *Roman*-Band,
 To Scourge the Pris'ner, hoping they would be
 Appeas'd with this, and Vote his Liberty.
 From Head to Foot the Villain strips him bare,
 And with his Scourge his tender Flesh doth tear,
 A Crown of Thorns the Souldiers wreath, which
 Upon his sacred Brow they crush it on. (done,
 Pierc'd to the Skull, down trills the purple Goar,
 In trembling drops upon the blushing Floor.
 A purple Robe of *Tyrian*-dy they throw,
 Upon his Shoulders, with the Knee they bow,
 And thus salute him,—Hail great King o'th' Jews,
 His tender Sides with cruel Rods they bruise,
 Thus rudely us'd, *Pilate* goes forth again,
 And tells the Jews he finds no fault i'th' Man.

Him

Him follows Jesus with their marks of Scorn,
A purple Robe, and Diadem of Thorn.
Pilate presents him to them, lo, said he,
What's here of Terrour, or of Majesty? (move
Neither his Wounds, nor Tears of Blood, could
Their Savage-Breasts to show one spark of Love.
The sight of them encreast their Thirst the more,
After his Death, the Souldiers o're and o're,
With the Chief Priests importunately cry,
To have him judg'd to Death immediately.
When *Pilate* found that nothing would assuage
But Death, the burning Passion of their Rage,
Take him, said he, for I profess I find
No fault in him, and if you have a mind
To have him dye, do you your selves the deed,
I dare no farther in this Case proceed.

We have a Law, and by that Law you may,
Reply the Jews, the great Blasphemer slay;
Who makes himself the Son of the Most High,
As he hath done, ought by our Laws to Dye.
The Son of God, the Jews no sooner said,
But *Pilate* trembled, and was sore affraid;
With hasty Steps unto the Judgment-Hall
He goes again, and doth for Jesus call.
The tortur'd Pris'ner was no sooner come,
But he demands what Lineage he came from.
To him no Answer Jesus doth afford,
Long he expects, but doth not get one word.
Wilt thou not speak, said *Pilate*, unto me,
Who have the pow'r to kill, or set thee free?

I own thy pow'r said Jesus, and submit
 Unto the Cross when thou shalt sentence it.
 Yet know, the power thou hast over me
 From God proceeds, 'tis he who gives it thee.
 Therefore the greater Sins the Jews commit,
 Who make thy power to their Wills submit,
 To crucifie the great Creator's Son,
 Meerly because they will it should be done.

Appall'd at this, from henceforth *Pilate* sought
 To free his Pris'ner, but the Jews cry'd out,
 Thou art not *Cæsars* Friend, nor do'st discharge
 Thine Office truly, should'st thou him enlarge;
 Who makes himself our King, and he doth so,
 Deserves to Dye, for he is *Cæsar's* Foe.

Then *Pilate* hearing what the Jews did say,
 Into the place he went call'd *Gabbatha*.
 Down on the Seat of Judgment straight he sate,
 Commanding Jesus forthwith to be brought,
 This on the Preparation-day was done
 Of their great Feast, & 'twas towards the Noon;
 Behold your King, said *Pilate*, they all cry,
 Away, away with him, and let him Dye.
 Will ye consent unto so foul a thing,
 Said *Pilate*, as to Crucifie your King?
Cæsar's our King, no other King we'll own,
 For this bold Wretch who claims a Sov'raign-

• (Throne,

Reply'd the Jews, we know his Father's Name,
 And the despis'd Town from whence he came;

And

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The Birth of Christ.

81

And scorn to yield our Necks to such a One,
Who a Blasphemer is, and Rebel known.

His Death.

Pilate, with this their Envy over-come,
Past from his trembling-Lips the final Doom,
Decreed by the great God, to drink the Cup,
And then most vilely gave his Pris'ner up
Unto their Rage, who to the Slaughter goes,
Dumb as a Lamb mid'st his insulting Foes;
Bearing his Cross, most of that tedious way
As he ascended unto *Golgotha*.

Where being come, and nail'd upon the Wood
Through both the Hands and Feet, these Mon-
(sters stood,

And with reproachful Terms did him revile;
Though for their Sins his Wounds did bleed the
Two guilty Villains one on either side, (while
Of this most spotless Lamb they Crucify'd.

Such an inglorious End to him they gave
Who had no Sin, but Sinners came to save.

Over his Cross after the *Roman Rite*,
Pilate his Accusation thus did Write,

Jesus of Naz'reth the King of the Jews,

In Syriack, Greek, and Latin, he did chuse,

To have it Writ, because the place was nigh

To *Salem*, where this Victim hung on high.

And many People were assembled there

To celebrate the Feast and Passover.

G

When

When the Chief Priests and Scribes the Title
 They humbly begg'd to have it altered, (read
 And in the Room of it upon the Cross
 To write, he said, the King o'th' Jews he was.
 But *Pilate* told them what is writ, is writ,
 I am resolv'd, I will not alter it.

Now when the Souldiers had their duties
 And crucify'd the great Jehovah's Son, (done,
 Before his spotless Soul had took its flight,
 From its most pure abode, they in his sight
 Seiz'd on his Garments, to division went,
 And in four parts his under Vest they rent;
 Each took his share, but when the seamless Coat
 All of one piece, wove from the top through-

(out,
 They had well view'd, they judg'd 'twould use-
 (less be

If it were torn, therefore they all agree,
 That he who with the Dice could highest throw,
 The whole entire Vest to him should go.
 These things they did that *David's* Prophecy,
 Which he foretold of them, fulfill'd might be.

Now by the Cross of Jesus, full of grief
 The ever-blessed Virgin, with the Wife
 Of *Cleophas* were standing, and with them
 The pen'tent *Mary*, all in Tears for him.
 When Jesus mid'st his Tortures did espy
 These three, and *John* lamenting bitterly,
 He calls his Mother, and his dearest *John*,
 Woman, says he to her, behold thy Son;

To

The Birth of Christ.

833

To the Disciple he did likewise say,
Behold thy Mother; from that very day
Unto his house she went, as if she were
His aged Mother he did treat her there,
With great respect, and tenderneſs of care.

Jesus conſid'ring that his work was done,
Each Prophecy fulfill'd, but only one,
That that might have its full completion.
He ſaid *I thiſt*-- well might that Tongue be
(dry,

Whoſe Soul was ſcorch'd with ſuch an Agony.
VWho bore a Burden none could bear but him,
The VVrath of God due to the VVorld for Sin.
When lo the comfort which theſe Tygers yield,
Ty'd to an Hyſop-ftalk a Spung they fill'd,
Out of a Veſſel which was ſtanding near,
Full to the top of Gall and Vinegar;
This to his ſacred mouth they put, which he
No ſooner taſted, but immediately
He bow'd the Head, and bowing did commend
His Soul to God, and ſo his Life did end.
Then did the Sun, aſtoniſh'd at the ſight,
From twelve to three, obſcure his glorious
Light.

O're all the Land th' affrighted Earth did quake,
And made that ſtately Pile the Temple ſhake,
So that its ſtrong Partition-Wall of Stone
Clave in two parts, with the Convulſion.
The Graves were open'd, and the Saints aroſe
From their cold Lodgings, and appear'd to thoſe
Within

Within the City; the Centurion,
 Who guarded Jesus, seeing what was done;
 Trembling confest he was th' Almighty's Son.
 Yet the remorseless Jews would not relent,
 At these prodigious Signs, but joyntly went
 To *Pilate*, and maliciously request,
 That since the morrow was a day of Rest,
 And the great day of their unleaven'd Feast,
 He'd give command, their Legs first being broke,
 Down from the Cross their Bodies might be took.

Pilate commands his Officers to do
 What they desir'd, to the first they go,
 And broke his Legs, they serv'd the other so.
 But when they came to Jesus, and perceiv'd
 How that already he his last had breath'd;
 They broke not his, but in his sacred Side,
 One of the Souldiers broach'd a Wound so (wide,
 That from the bloody Fountain gushing came
 Unmixed Water, with the purple Stream.
 He who stood by, and saw these things doth give
 This true Relation, that ye might believe;
 With this do both those Prophecies agree,
 That in the Psalms, and that in *Zachary*.

Now when this horrid Tragedy was done,
 And from the Cross the Son of God ta'ne down,
Joseph of *Arimathea*, a devout
 But secret Follower of the Lord, besought
Pilate to have the freedom to Inter
 The blessed Jesus, in his Sepulchre.
Pilate consents, come where his Master lay,
 His sacred Body he removes away

Unto

The Birth of Christ.

85

Unto a Garden of his own hard by,
Where was a Tomb hew'n for himself to lye.
Him follows *Nicodemus*, (who was one
That in the night to Jesus oft was known
To come) into the Garden with Perfumes,
Of Myrrhe and Aloes, those embalming Gums
Which rich Perfumes were then among the
For the Interment of their Dead in use. (Jews
With these in Linnen-Swaths upon the Ground,
Joseph and he, their dearest Master wound,
And then the Body both of them convey,
Unto a Tomb wherein no man yet lay,
Having no time, their Sabbath drawing near,

His Resurrection.

To hew him out another Sepulchre.
Early upon the first day of the Week
Unto the Tomb, just as the day did break,
With Aromatick Spices *Mary* came
The Body of her Saviour to embalm.
When she perceiv'd (what she took care to have)
The massy Stone roll'd from the mouth o'th'

(Grave,

She stooping look'd into the sacred Vault,
But found not him whom her Affection sought.
Seiz'd with a dreadful fear, she nimbly run
Unto the house, where *Peter* was, and *John*,
And told them how some envious Jew away
Had stole her Master, but where now he lay

G 3

She

She could not tell, nor light of any one
 That could inform her, who the deed had done,
 Both the Disciples hearing what she said,
 In haste arose, and to the Garden made ;
 But *John* the nimbler of the two did come,
 Long before *Peter*, to the empty Tomb.
 And stooping down, he look'd and did espy,
 Within the dreadful Grave the Swaths to lye,
 Yet went not in but trembling waited there,
 Till *Simon* came unto the Sepulchre.
 Who boldly entring saw upon the Ground,
 The Linnen-Swaths, which once his Master
 (wound,

And neatly folded up, by them he found
 The Napkin lying which his Temples bound,
 But in no Corner, as he idly thought,
 Could he perceive him in the silent Vault.
 Then forth he came, and *John* went in to view,
 Both saw, and both believ'd the Story true,
 Which *Mary* told, though they had heard him
 (say,

Often that he should rise on the third day,
 Neither to him, nor Scripture did they give
 So much regard, as either to believe.
 But to their homes they both, amaz'd to see
 The Body gone, return'd immediately.
 Now *Mary Magdalene* who did out-go,
 In an obsequious Love, the other two ;
 Staid weeping at the Grave, and looking down,
 Within the Tomb she saw two men unknown,
 One

One at the Head, the other at the Feet, (White.

Sit where her Lord had lain, cloath'd all in
Both ask'd the reason why she forr'wing stood,
And from her Eyes showr'd down that pearly
(Flood.

Why should you ask me this, since him I lov'd,
Who here was buried, they have hence remov'd;
And what is now become of him, said she,
Fain would I know, but none will tell it me.

Why 'mong the Dead, should you suppose to
The Living, said the Angels, call to mind, (find
Did he not tell you he would rise again
On the third day, he hath perform'd the same.

To his Disciples go, and tell them He
Is risen, and will go to *Galilee*.

As she was turning from the Sepulchre,
Doubting the Truth of what they told to her,
She saw the Person whom she weeping sought
Standing behind her, but she knew him not;
Jesus, who knew her Love, and saw her Tears,
Willing to dry them up, and ease her Fears;
Ask'd her why she lamented, and for whom
She was in Search into the Garden come?

Sir, if thou art the Gard'ner who do'st look
Unto this place (said she) and hence hast took,
The Body, tell me now but where it lyes,
And it shall never more offend thine Eyes,
For at my own expence I will take care
To find for it another Sepulchre?

The Birth of Christ.

Mary, saith Jesus, straight the Voice she knew,
 And cry'd *Rabboni*, Master, Is it you?
 Prostrate upon the earth to kiss his Feet,
 She threw her self, ravish'd again to meet (he
 Him rais'd to Life, whom she thought dead, but
 Would not allow her love such liberty.
 Forbear, said he, as yet I have not been
 Up with my Father, to my Brethren
 Haste, and assure them to my God I go,
 In Heaven to provide a place for you.

Then to the place where the Disciples were,
 The joyful *Mary* came, and did declare
 How she had seen the Lord, and likewise what
 He did command, but they believ'd her not.
 When in the Ev'ning of that day, they were
 Assembled, with the Doors close shut, for fear
 Of the malicious Jews, in Jesus came
 They knew not how, and thus saluted them ---
 Peace be unto you --- when he had so said
 They trembling stood, most terribly affraid,
 Concluding that it could not Jesus be,
 But a delusion which they there did see,
 Yet when he show'd his Hands and wounded

(Side
 Those Marks which he receiv'd when Crucify'd,
 The Souls rejoyc'd, and all with one accord
 Acknowledg'd him to be their Sov'rain Lord.
 He therefore to confirm their Faith, begun
 To expound the Scriptures, which had long fore-
 His cruel Death, and Resurrection. (shown)

And

The Birth of Christ.

89

And by his Spirit made them plainly see
The full import of ev'ry Prophecy.
And now farewell, said he, yet 'fore I go,
The same Commission I do give to you,
Which I receiv'd, to plant a Church I came,
Do ye succeed me, and compleat the same.
Be of good comfort, to assist you here
I'll send you down the blessed Comforter.
But here attend ye, till he doth come down
Then did he go, and breath on ev'ry one,
And by so doing did his Followers fit
For that unerring guide the Holy Sp'rit.
Which at the Feast of *Pentecost* came down,
And sate like flaming-Fire, on ev'ry one.

He gave the Keys of Heav'n's glorious Gate
Into their Hands, to Excommunicate
The stubborn Sinner, to absolve or bind
They Power had, as they just cause did find.

But *Thomas*, called *Dydimus*, the Twin,
Who was not with them when the Lord came in,
Now being come, they up and told him how
Jesus had with them been but even now.
But he declar'd, unless his Eyes did see, (be.

And Hands did touch his Wounds, he'd faithless
When his Disciples that day sev'nights were
Met at their usual Place to joyn in Pray'r,
The Lord of Life the second time did come,
They knew not how into the close-shut Room.
Thomas, said he, since you will not believe
Your Fellow-Servants that I am alive,

Except

Except your Hands do touch, and Eyes do see,
 Those cruel Marks bestow'd on me;
 Behold my Wounds, thy Fingers thrust into
 This Side of mine, and be not faithless now.
 My Lord and God ! said *Thomas*, now I know
 And am convin'd, the very God art thou.

Had'st thou before believ'd what thou hast

(seen,

Thy Faith, said *Jesus*, had then nobler been
 Than now it is, my blessing I do give
 To them who see me not, and yet believe.

His Ascension.

Full forty days th' Eternal Son of God,
 After he rose again, on Earth abode.
 Teaching his Followers what they ought to do,
 To make the World his Fathers Will to know,
 And now just ready to ascend his Throne,
 To take possession of his purchas'd Crown,
 He went unto Mount-*Olivet* with them,
 Sev'n Furlongs distant from *Jerusalem*.
 Upon whose lofty Brow with Hands lift high,
 Unto the sacred Throne of Majesty,
 He blessed them, which having done, a bright
 And shining Cloud convey'd him from their
 (sight,
 Up to the glorious Seat of Bliss where He,
 Triumphant sits to all Eternity.

To

The Birth of Christ.

91

*To the Eternal Three above,
Father, Son, and Spirit of Love,
By all the glorious Host in Heav'n,
And Men on Earth, be Glory giv'n.*

On Christ's Sufferings.

LOrd, what is Man! that thou from Bliss,
Where Love in full perfection is,
Should'st send thy Son, thine only One,
To be contemn'd, and spit upon,
To be the abject and the scorn,
Of ev'ry Villain, to be torn
With cruel Rods, to be revil'd,
And live as 'twere a live exil'd;
And after all this ignomy,
To hang on the accursed Tree.

That the eternal God above
Should chuse this way, to show his love
To such as we, who do return,
Instead of gratitude, our scorn;
That he his only Son should send,
To suffer an inglorious end,
And make the Innocent to be
An Offering for Impiety,
It raises wonder, but 'twas so,
Jesus did all this undergo;
Not by compulsion, 'twas his choice
He suffer'd, that we might rejoyce.

All

All this he did for to regain
 Lost Souls from an eternal pain.
 And, Jesus, shall not we express
 Our thanks to thee for happiness;
 Had'st thou not dy'd we had remain'd,
 As Satans Victims, ever chain'd;
 No act of ours could e're have wrought
 That Reconcilement, thou hast bought,
 With thy dear Blood; thou Heav'ns Rage
 Did'st fully with thy Death assuage.
 Such obligations, Lord, should move
 Our stony hearts to melt with Love,
 And in the strictest duty bind
 To thee the Souls of all Man-kind.



CANTATE DOMINO CANTICVM NOVVM.



*Praise the Lord upon the harp sing to
the harp with a psalm of thanksgiving.*

EIGHTEEN
OF
David's
PSALMS
PARAPHRAS'D.

By the same Hand.



L O N D O N,
Printed by R. E. for R. Bentley, and M.
Magneſ, in Ruſſel-Street in Covent-
Garden, 1680.

Eighteen of Davids Psalms Paraphras'd.

PSALM 22.

MY God, my God ! Why am I left
 Helpless, in my distress bereft
 Of that protection I have had,
 Why are my Foes with Conquest clad ?
 I call and weep both day and night,
 To thee, my God, to thee for right.
 But, O my Crys and Tears are vain,
 There's no redress, no ease of pain.
 All this shall not discourage me,
 Since I do know thou just wilt be ;
 And true to ev'ry promise, Thou
 Hast bound thy Self to me by Vow.
 And though Thou let'st mine Enemys
 Insult, and deaf art to my Crys,
 Yet, Lord, thou holy art, and still
 Deserv'st the praise of *Israel*.

Our Fathers they rely'd on thee,
 Thou, Lord, wast their security.
 When dangers did their Souls surround,
 To thee they call'd, and freedom found.

But

96 A Paraphrase on Psalm 22.

But I my Foes most deadly scorn
With patience hitherto have born;
The vulgar and ignobler sort
Do make my misery their sport,
In an insulting way they cry,
Let his Salvation now draw nigh,
He trusted in the Lord, that he
Would help him in adversity,
Let him stretch out his arm and save,
If either strength or pow'r he have.

But, Lord, their scorn and cruelty,
Shall not dismay or trouble me;
Since I have always found thine arm
Able to rescue me from harm;
Since from the Womb I came, alone
Thou hast been my Salvation;
And from my Mothers tender Breast,
My God, my hope wert, and my rest.
Now be not far from me, but save,
Permit not the triumphing Grave,
Infatuate as my cruel-Foes,
My Life untimely to enclose.
Redeem my Soul, there's none, I know,
Except my God, can help me now;
For I am close besieg'd, and brought
To that distress I can't get out.
Like as a ray'ning Lyon doth,
Roaring pursue with open mouth
The helpless Creature, that he may
Affrighted fall, and be his Prey;

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So do my Foes threaten, and rave,
 To bring my Soul unto the Grave.
 So weak and feeble I am grown,
 Wasted to nothing, ev'ry bone
 Disjoynted, from its place doth start,
 Like Wax dissolv'd so is my Heart.
 And as a Potsherd so my strength
 Is dried up, my Tongue at length
 Cleaves to my Jaws, my earthly-Frame
 Is now returning whence it came.
 For the blood-thirsty have beset
 And clos'd me round, my Hands and Feet
 They have transfixt, distended on
 The shameful Cross, I ev'ry Bone
 Can truly count, as if I were
 A Monster, they upon me stare.
 And having got me in their Toyl,
 They reckon all I have their Spoil.
 They part my Garments, but the Lot
 Is cast upon my seamless Coat;
 Contented rather than it tear
 The whole should go to one Mans share.
 But be not far from me, O Lord,
 My chiefest strength, thy help afford;
 And from these bloody-Men set free
 Thine only One, O rescue me!
 And as in former time thine Ear
 Hath open been unto my pray'r,
 Be ready now my Life to save,
 From the devouring Jaws o'th' Grave.

H

Then

98 A paraphrase on Psalm 22

Then in the Congregation I
 Will sing thy praise contin'all,
 And to thy Faithful there declare,
 How great thy Love and Mercies are.
 Ye Seed of *Jacob* spend your days
 In Songs of Thanks, and hearty Praise,
 For he hath not despis'd my Pray'r
 When in Affliction, but his Ear
 Hath been attentive, and his Face
 He hath not vail'd in my disgrace.
 All my discourses Lord shall be
 Of these thy Favours shown to me;
 My Vows within thine House I'll pay,
 Among the Faithful, that they may
 Joyn in Devotion, and each one
 Send up their thanks unto thy Throne;
 Remembring that in times of want
 Thou evermore art pleas'd to grant
 Unto the poor, when they do call,
 Refreshments, to rejoyce them all.
 Those Nations who thy Laws do scorn,
 When they hear this, shall to thee turn,
 And joyntly yield with one accord
 To worship thee, as Supreme Lord,
 For thou art Governour of all,
 And all must to thy Footstool fall.
 Those thou hast fill'd with good shall bow
 And they who to the Pit do go,
 Who none of all thy VVonders knew,
 Their Seed shall serve thee, they thy worth
 And righteousness shall warble forth, From

From age to age shall be made known
This that thou Lord for me hast done
That all men may as well as I
Confide in thee for Victory.

PSALM 123.

THe Lord my Shepherd is, whose care
Doth over me preside;
No want, nor any terr'ring fear,
Shall long with me abide.

He into flow'ry Meads doth bring
Me, where I feed all day,
And leads me to the bubbling Spring,
Where I my thirst allay.

His Spirit doth my Soul revive,
And for his Name-sake he
Doth gently lead me, while I live,
In paths of Piety.

Though I should greatly be distressed,
O're-whelm'd in deep despair,
On thy protection, Lord, I'd rest,
And would no evil fear.

100. **A Psalm of David.**

For thou my Shepherd art, thy Sheep
Thou never do'st neglect,
My Soul thou wilt from danger keep,
And safely me protect.

6.

In presence of my envious Foes,
Thou do'st my Table spread,
My Cup with sprightly Wine o're-flows,
Sweet Oyle anoint my Head.

Mercy and Truth in a full Tyde
Shall ever follow me,
Within thine House I will reside,
And sing my praise of thee.

P S A L M 25.

MY God, in deep distress,
I lift my Soul to thee,
There's none so timely can redress,
As thou, my misery.

Since I my trust repose
In thee my sure defence,
Exalt my name, lest that my Foes
Deride my confidence.

Shame none who love thy Laws most true
Let the perfidious be thy glory true
Cloath'd with contempt, who without cause
contemn thy Saints, and Thee.

Each minute I implore
Thy special Grace, O show
Thy Servant how he evermore
Thy sacred Will may do.

Keep me as thou hast done,
In thine unerring way,
Thou God of my Salvation,
Permit me not to stray.

But call to mind that love
And bounty I have seen,
A God of tender mercies prove,
As thou of old hast been.

As for those days I spent
In Sins of high degrees,
Remember not, now I repent
Those grand impurities.

But as thy mercy's great,
Let thy compassions shine
Upon a wretched Profligate,
Who humbly now is thine.

9.

Thou art most good and just,
And 'tis thy glory, Lord,
To teach transgressors how they must
Conform unto thy Word.

10.

All those who humble are,
In Judgment he will guide,
From vertuous paths he doth declare
Their Feet shall never slide.

11.

His mercy ever lives,
His truth doth never dye,
Of these the fruits he ever gives
To his continually.

12.

Forgive me then, O Lord,
Those Sins of high degree,
Which I have wrought, O loose the Cord
Of mine Iniquity.

13.

Who dreads to disobey,
The Lord will not refuse
To teach that man the saving way,
His Soul should always chuse.

14.

His Barns and Coffers shall
Enjoy the richest store,
His Seed shall here inherit all
He leaves, and ten times more.

15.

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15.

Nor will he e're conceal
Those duties he should do,
What is of moment to reveal
He shall be sure to know.

16.

So now what ever strait
Attends my wandring Feet,
On my Salvation I will wait,
Who'l free me from the Net.

17.

Thy help I now implore,
Have mercy, Lord, on me,
Make bare thine Arm as heretofore,
For I have need of thee.

18.

Free me in my distress,
The pressures of my heart.
Do ev'ry minute, Lord, encrease,
O show thy saving art.

19.

Forgive those Sins which are
The cause of all this hate,
Which my malicious Foes declare,
My case commiserate.

20.

For dayly they encrease,
And hate mine innocence,
Unjustly they disturb my peace,
Chastise their insolence.

H 4

21.

21.

And in thine arms infold
My Soul which trusts in thee,
Mine innocence, O God, uphold,
As thou hast promis'd me.

22.

O free thine *Israel*
From troubles which inclose
His habitations, make him dwell
Secure amidst his Foes.

PSALM 31.

1.

IN thee, O Lord, I place my trust,
Bow down thine Ear, and from the Grave
Preserve my Life, as thou art just,
And shew thy mighty Arm can save.
O let me never suffer shame
For my affiance in thy Name.

2.

Be thou my Rock, and Castle strong,
When any threat'ning storms appear,
Where I may rest secure from wrong,
Till all the Clouds dispersed are.
Direct and guide me all my days,
Through all the Lab'rins of my ways.

3.

Into thy hands I do commit
My very Soul, redeem'd by thee,

Enlarge

A Paraphrase on Psalm 31. 105

Enlarge my Feet, from out the Net
In secret laid to mischief me.
Thou know'st, O Lord, thou God of truth,
Thine I have been up from my youth.

4.

In thee the Saviour of the Just,
Not in the Gentile Vanities,
I have repos'd my chiefest trust,
Lord I abhor their practices;
And always thought their Auguries,
And Divinations to be lies.

5.

All my delight and joy shall be
To reckon up thy mercies shown,
In Troubles thou hast thought on me,
And set my Feet in a large room,
Free from the rage of all my Foes,
Whose malice did my Life inclose.

6.

Yet I no end of trouble know,
I sigh, and mourn, my years away,
My Sins have brought me very low;
For want of Flesh my Bones decay.
Mine Eye it is consum'd with grief,
Have mercy Lord, and send relief.

7.

For I am made the mirth and scorn
As well of Friends, as Enemies,
They count me as a man forlorn,
Because thou deaf art to my cries;

Strangers

106 **A paraphrase on Psalm 31.**

Strangers and Friends, as men affraid,
Fly from me, and withdraw their Aid.

8.

Like as a man that's dead and gone,
Or as a Potters broken Pot,
Fit for no use I'm look'd upon,
Thrown out of Doors and quite forgot;
But show thy skill, and save my Soul,
As thou hast broke, so make me whole.

9.

Lord I have heard the flaundrous lyes,
And scoffs of my invet'rate Foes,
Up in Rebellion they devise
To cut me off, but interpose,
For I have put my trust in thee,
Thou art my God, O rescue me.

10.

Thou better know'st, O Lord, than I
When is the fittest time to send
Thy ready Succours, then draw nigh,
To all my troubles put an end;
Upon me make thy Face to shine,
And save him who was ever thine.

11.

For since I have addrest my Pray'rs
To thee, thine honour lies at stake,
To set me free from all my fears.
The Wicked who thy Laws forsake
Cut off, but Lord my Life defend,
And let confusion be their end,

12.

Silence
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12.

Silence the lying Lips of those
Who in a proud and scornful way,
Asperse thy Saints, the righteous,
Before the Sons of Men, one day
Thou wilt their injur'd Fames restore,
To their full Shine they had before.

13.

Under thy Wings they shall abide,
Secure from the Oppressours wrongs,
In thy Pavillion thou shalt hide,
And keep them safe from strife of Tongues.
Blest be my God, whose help I found,
When num'rous Foes begirt me round.

14.

Yet I was tempted in my flight,
To think I should a Victim fall,
Though thou had'st often shown thy might,
Unto the furious Rage of *Saul*;
But I no sooner did address
My Pray'rs to thee, but found redress.

15.

Let all his Saints with me adore,
And love the Lord, who doth preserve
The faithful, but doth evermore
Reward the proud as they deserve;
Courage like Men, but act your parts,
And God shall strengthen all your hearts.

PSALM

PSALM 40.

3.

Fully resolv'd with patience to attend,
 Until the Lord had granted my request,
 I found at length my Pray'rs obtain'd their end,
 He calm'd those fears which gave my Soul no

2.

(rest.

And brought me safe out of that dreadful Pit
 Of misery wherein I long was held,
 As on a Rock he firmly set my feet,
 And all my goings afterwards upheld.

3.

For these his Mercies I'll extol his Name,
 And will from day to day extol his praise,
 Many shall fear him when they hear this fame,
 And render true obedience to his ways.

4.

That Soul is blest who wholly doth rely
 Not in the strength of Man, whose frame is dust,
 Who dis-regards the Proud, and those that lye,
 Contemns their aid, but in the Lord doth trust.

5.

(done,

Those gracious works which thou for us hast
 Should I endeavour to recount them all
 In order, Lord, I cannot set them down,
 Not the one half to my remembrance call

6.

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A paraphrase on Psalm 40. 109

6.

I know full well thou do'st no pleasure take
In Sacrifices, or Burnt-Offerings, (weak,
These are but Shaddows and will prove too
To take away the guilt of all our Sins.

7.

Thy Son must come, and then our sins they shall
By an Oblation of himself, Lord, be
For ever pardon'd, and thy Servants all
From the observance of these Rites set free :

8.

Lo he will come, O God, to do thy Will,
To live a life most spotless in thine Eyes,
Thy Laws he will most perfectly fulfill,
And then give up himself a Sacrifice.

9.

Thy Righteousness and Truth, as thou can'st tell,
And thy Salvation, I have publish'd forth,
To all thy Saints who in thy Courts do dwell,
I have not hid but magnify'd thy worth.

10.

Do thou, O God, my fainting heart preserve,
Against those Foes who seek my overthrow,
And though I justly for my Sins deserve (show
Thy greatest Plagues, yet, Lord, thy mercies

11.

Confound with shame all those who lye at
To take away my life, do thou afford (watch
Thy timely succour, and their own lives catch
In those same snares, which they have set, O

Lord.

12.

110 A Paraphrase on Psalm 40.

12.

As for the bitter scoffs th'ave thrown at me,
Return them on themselves, as their reward;
Let me, O God, their speedy ruine see,
And when they call let not their cries be heard.

13.

Then shall those pious Souls who trust in thee
Rejoyce, that thou art just in all thy ways,
Inflam'd with love they shall contin'all
Applaud thy Mercies, and sing forth thy Praise.

14.

When I am low and in great misery,
Thou art my Help, my Fortrefs, and my Stay,
To thee, O God, for succour do I fly,
To my Salvation haste, make no delay.

PSALM 41.

1.

Blest is the Man who takes a tender care,
Of those who on the Bed of Sicknes lye,
He need not in his Visitation fear,
But to find favour, and that speedily;
In all his troubles God will interpose,
For his relief, and bless him from his Foes.

2.

When that Diseases on his Body seize,
And on the Bed of Sorow he is cast,

Where

A paraphrase on psalm 41. III

Where others tumble, and can find no ease,
Rack'd with tortures of their actions past,
Then will the Lord for mercies he hath shown
Softens his Bed, and strengthens him when down.

3.

I humbly therefore at the Throne of Grace,
Beg that the guilt of all my Sins may be
For ever pardon'd, hide not, Lord, thy face,
But heal my Soul as thou hast promis'd me;
Though I deserve thy Wrath, yet love express,
And ev'ry thought and crooked act redress.

4.

My Foes a thousand ways my ruine plot,
Concerning me they speak maliciously;
When will he dye, say they, and be forgot,
Let his name perish to Eternity;
Before my Face none more obliging are,
Behind my back their hatred they declare.

5.

Thus underhand they secretly combine
To make me odious in the Eyes of all,
Invention's rack'd to compass this design,
And Slaunders are contriv'd to work my fall;
Defam'd they think my Name shall never rise,
Under the load of all their Calumnies.

6.

My own familiar Friend who always eat
At my own Board, and in my Bosom lay,
Whom with the great'st endearments I did treat,
My most retir'd Counsels did betray;

But,

112 **A Paraphrase on Psalm 51.**

But, Lord, restore me to my Throne, and Right,
That their perfidious acts, I may requite.

7.

By this I guess thou hast a love for me,
Because I find thy watchful Providence,
Hath disappointed them of Victory,
And hitherto preserv'd mine Innocence ;
For which both I, and all with one accord
Will sing Eternal Hymns to *Israels* Lord.

P S A L M 51.

I.

Cleanse me, O Lord, from that most horrid
(Sin
Of guiltless Blood, which Lust hath brought me
And from the boundless Ocean of thy Love, (in,
Let not my other sins my ruine prove ;
To such an high degree I have transgressed,
That wheresoever I go I find no rest.

2.

And though no earthly Judge can claim a right
To punish my Transgressions in thy sight,
I stand arraign'd, and to thy Sentence must
Or stand, or fall, as to a doom most just.
If to eternal Flames, I must obey,
No rescue thence, though I a Scepter sway.

3.

A paraphrase on Psalm 51. 113

Thou better knowest O Lord my frame, than I,
How I was shapen in iniquity,
When in my Mothers Womb I then put on
The spotted-Garment of Corruption;
But this is no excuse for this foul fact,
Which my unbridled Lust hath made me act.

4.

Full well I know, that in the inward-part,
Thou lov'st a spotless, and a sincere heart;
I have sufficient Grace from thee to know
What to forbear, and what I ought to do;
Yet into wilful Sin I headlong run,
Against a clear and full Conviction.

5.

Purge me with Hysop and I shall be clean,
Whiter than is the purest Snow from stain,
Let not Uriah's blood, which to thee cries
For vengeance, Lord, to my confusion rise;
But be thou reconcil'd, release from pain
My tortur'd Soul unto her joys again.

6.

Return once more unto thy wonted Love,
And from thy sight for evermore remove
My weighty Sins, and by thy work of Grace
Within my heart each lustful thought deface,
That I may never by a wanton glance
Offend again, and so my Crimes enhance.

I

114 **A Paraphrase on Psalm 51.**

7.

Should'st thou for ever banish me thy sight,
And from my Soul withdraw thy saving Light,
I were undone, but Lord afford thy Grace,
And vail not from mine Eyes thy glorious Face;
With thy free Sp'rit me to those Joys restore
Which once I had, and let me fall no more.

8.

Then shall I Sinners by thy Grace convert,
And make Transgressors in thy ways expert,
Then shall my Tongue, when once my Soul is
From the pollutions of this bloody deed, (freed
Declare thy Truth, my Lips and Mouth shall be
From day to day employ'd, in praising thee.

9.

Did'st thou a legal Sacrifice desire,
Thousands of Bulls & Rams consum'd with Fire,
Upon thy flaming-Altar thou should'st see
These offer'd up for my Adultery ;
A broken and a contrite heart for Sin,
Is the burnt-Off'ring thou delightest in.

10.

Do good to *Sion*, show thy Love to all
Who tread her Courts, and on thy Name do call;
Then shall the smoak of Bulls which we con-

(sume,

Upon thine Altar yield a sweet Perfume,
And with our Pray'rs and Praises reach thy
(Throne;

And Blessings thence upon our Heads pull
down.

PSALM

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PSALM 55.

I.

A Almighty God, who evermore art near.
With thy Relief to those who injur'd are,
Give ear unto my Pray'r, hear how I mourn,
Thrust from my Kingdom, and pursu'd with
scorn.

2.

My Son and Subjects on my ruine bent,
Tax me as guilty of mis-government,
They do complot my final overthrow,
With all the rancour that their hearts can show.

3.

At this I tremble, and the dismal thought
Of my apparent danger, Lord, hath brought
Such apprehensions to my troubled mind,
That all the Terroures of the Grave I find.

4.

O that I had but Wings, then would I flee
Into some desert place, where I might be (Son
Safe from the Storms and Tempelts which my
And Subjects raise, by their Rebellion.

5.

But thou, O Lord, who always dost deride
The Wisdom of the Wise, do thou divide
Their Consultations, make them disagree
In their rebellious projects against me.

6. A Paraphrase on Psalm 55.

6.

I have heard from a most faithful Friend,
That the Archite, whom I back did send,
Whose strife & violence is their whole discourse,
Their Tutelars to whom they have recourse.

7.

Who guard the City day and night, the round
Do walk about the Walls, within is found
Grief and Wrong, and all the Cruelties
That Villany can act, or wit devise.

8.

My reproach and all this misery
Proceeded from an open Enemy,
Which I had foreseen, I had foreseen,
Which I had prevented this I now am in.

9.

Was thou whom I esteem'd above
Than other men, and as my Soul did love;
Who did'st all my secret Counsels know,
And with me to the house of God did'st go.

10.

For this perfidious act of his he shall
Have to perfect his designs, but fall
And all his horrid Crimes down quick to Hell,
And his wickedness in all his thoughts doth dwell.

11.

For me, I'll call in my distress,
And ev'ry day my Pray'r I will address,
To his Mercy-Seat, and he shall hear,
And from the danger save me which I fear.

12.

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A Paraphrase on Psalm 55.

12.

Though this Rebellion with great strength

Is manag'd and contriv'd, God takes my part,
Who will in peace restore me to my right,
Maintain my Cause, and all my Battels fight.

13.

He will afflict them, and my Feet uphold,
Ev'n that God who doth abide of Old;
But they despise his Rod, because they are
Successful in the courses which they steer.

14.

The Laws of their Allegiance they have broken
They make, and at their pleasure Oaths revoke
Words smooth as Oyl were dropt, when all

They were inventing how to do me wrong.

15.

But let their base designs be what they will,
Never so wicked, my concerns shall still
Be cast upon the Lord, who will no doubt
Restore me to my Throne, though now

16.

But the Blood-thirsty, and the Perjur'd shall
In their full strength into destruction fall,
As for my self I'll put my confidence
In thine Almighty-Arm for my defence.

PSALM 73.

1.

ALL who are sincere shall find
God most gracious, just, and kind,
Ever ready to reward
Those who do his Laws regard.

2.

Yet my Faith was well-nigh gone,
When I saw the Wicked run
In forbidden Paths at will,
And escap'd unpunish'd still.

3.

When as those who do obey
Thy Commands, and seldom stray,
Thine afflictive Rod do bear,
While these Wretches prosp'rous are.

4.

Full of Health, and likely long
Here to live, of Body strong,
None of all those Plagues they know
Which others feel and undergo.

5.

Rapine and Oppression
As a Garment they put on,
In such base unlawful means
They more Pride, than in just gains.

A paraphrase on Psalm 73. 119

6.
They in Wealth and Grandeur grow
Suddenly, and know not how,
And are Masters of a Mine
Which they never did divine.

7.
To oppress is all their talk,
Those who piously do walk,
They prophanely take a pride
God and goodness to deride.

8.
Therefore when the godly see
This their horrid Blasphemy,
And those evils which they do,
Some their Eyes with Tears o're-flow.

9.
Thus they argue, can God see
And permit such Sins to be
Here unpunish'd, sure his Eye
Can't discern Iniquity.

10.
These in worldly-wealth encrease,
Flourish here, and are at peace,
In an even course they run
Till their Web is almost spun.

11.
But each Morning when I rise,
Thou, O Lord, do'st me chastise;
Under pressures sore I live,
While the Wicked grow and thrive.

12.
Wherefore then have I in vain,
Kept my hands from unjust Gain,
Been in all my ways exact,
As to Thought, as well as Act?

13.
Such sad thoughts did me confound,
But I soon mine error found,
That it was a grand Offence
To distrust thy Providence.

14.
Yet I was perplext in mind,
That the Wicked, Lord, should find
So much favour, this to me
Seem'd at first a Mystery.

15.
Till I with my Feet drew high,
Lord, unto thy Sanctuary,
Then I understood thy ways,
And the end of these Mens days.

16.
Sure on High thou dost them set,
That their fall may be more great,
In a moment they come down
Headlong in destruction.

17.
O, those Horrors that possess
Their sad Souls, who can express
Sins like Furies on each hand
In most dreadful Forms do stand.

18.

Thou shalt make their Shaddow fly
In the twinkling of an Eye,
Riches, Pleasures, and their All
Vanish, and to nothing fall.

19.

Then what Folly was't in me
To conceive a flight from thee;
Like a Beast to show dislike
VVhen thy Rod did friendly strike?

20.

For thou had'st a careful Eye
Over me partic'larly,
Free from danger did I stand
By thine All-protecting hand.

21.

Thou shalt me most safely lead
Through those troubles which I dread,
Bringing me to great Renown,
And a never-fading Crown.

22.

Than thy Self I do not know
Any God that can do so,
Thou the God art whom I love,
Other Gods I don't approve.

23.

For I find thou ever art,
VVhen Afflictions seize my Heart,
Always to me a strong Fort,
Whereunto I may resort.

24.

24.

As for those who put their trust
In another, 'tis but just
That they should for ever dye,
For their base Apostacy.

25.

But for me I will adhere,
Lord, to thee while I am here,
And excite Men to a Sense
Of thy gracious Providence.

PSALM 49.

Hear all ye People; my Discourse will be
A Meditation fit for each degree;
I'll treat of Wisdom, that both Rich and Poor,
May gather Knowledg from her immense Store.
When Death and the Distempers of old Age,
Knock at my Door to leave this earthly Stage,
Wherefore should I repine, and show more Love
To this low Mansion than that blest above;
Where I shall far more lasting Treasures find,
In value greater than those left behind?

They who in Riches trust, and do adore,
Within their Iron-Shrines, their Idol Oar,
Cannot with it themselves or others save,
From the close Hug of the respectless Grave.
Riches were never known to have that strength
To rescue Men from Death, they must at length
Turn

A paraphrase on psalm 49. 123

Turn to their Mother Earth, from whence they
(all

Had their first Birth, and back again must fall.

The VVise this Fate as well as Brutish have,

Death takes not one, and doth the other leave;

Yet do these Wretches live as if they were

Exempt in this same Doom to bear a share;

They heap up Riches, but their Treasures will

Fly from their own, and others Coffers fill.

For dye they must, and when they dye who

(knows

But all their Stores go to enrich their Foes;

Yet their Possessions by their Names they call,

And fondly think their Dwellings firmly shall

Last while the World remains, their Heirs we see

Have the same thoughts of their Posterity;

But Death will come, where in the Grave, that

(hold,

They all must lye, as Flocks together fold,

Until the Resurrection of the Just,

Who with the Lord that day in Judgment must

Help to condemn them; Lord, I hope that Morn

Thou wilt my Temples with a Crown adorn.

As for the Honours, and the large encrease

Of the Ungodly, and his short-liv'd peace,

None should be troubled, for that dismal night,

In which he sets, his Glories take their flight.

Though while he liv'd he thought himself most

(blest,

And said unto his Soul, ' Soul take thy rest,

' For

124 A paraphrase on psalm 78.

'For I have laid me up a lasting Store
 'Of Wealth & Honour, which the World adore;
 'These high will raise me on the Wings of Fame,
 'And give me here a never-dying Name. (day)
 'But when Death comes (in that same needful
 'These, like deceitful Friends, will slip away:
 'Nor can they (as thou think'st) an Arch of
 (praise,
 'Upon their Airy-Bottoms for thee raise.
 'Nothing but heav'nly Wisdom can ensure
 'Praises unto thy Name, which shall endure.
 'Wisdom, which for the future doth take care,
 'And seeks for Treasures which immortal are.
 'Man that in Honour & in Wealth doth grow,
 'And understands not whence these Blessings
 (flow,
 'Than the dumb Beasts doth no more Wisdom
 (show.)
 Such Fools as he shall never have a sight
 Of those eternal Joys of the upright.

PSALM 78.

Attend ye Sons of Jacob, I'll unfold
 To you those Parables, our Fathers told
 To us, that we should to our Children show
 What mighty deeds God did for *Isr'el* do.
 That all succeeding Ages may sing forth
 His noble Acts, the greatness of his Worth.

This

A Paraphrase on Psalm 78. 125

This duty God did lay on *Israel*, (tell,
And strictly charge they should their Children
That Generations, which were yet unborn,
Might know the wondrous-Work of their re-

(turn,
And not his Mercies and his Judgments scorn:
And like their Fathers flight his easie Yoke,
Contemn this God, and other Gods invoke.

(and Bows,
The *Ephramites*, well Arm'd with Swords
Able to Conquer, fled before their Foes;
And why, they did forsake their chiefeft stay,
Forgot the Wonders done the other day.

How God had brought them out of *Pharoah's*
(Land,
From their hard Tasks by his All-conqu'ring
The Sea divided, and the Waters round (hand;
As Bulwarks flood, they past through on dry
(ground:

A Cloud did Vail them as they walk'd by day,
I'th' night a Firy-Pillar show'd the way.
He water'd them, as Shepheards do their Flocks,
Not in hew'n-Cisterns, but from unhew'n Rocks;
Streams from those craggy-Pyramids did flow,
And step by step did with his *Isr'el* go.
Yet still they murmur'd as they did before,
And with fresh Sins provok'd him more & more;
They quarrell'd God, and did his care distrust,
They ask'd for Meat, not for their wants, but
Lust.

Can

126 A paraphrase on psalm 78.

Can God, say they, here furnish us a Table
Of Flesh and Bread? he can't, he is not able;
'Tis true he quench'd our thirst from yonder

(Rock,

But where's the Flesh to feed his hungry Flock?
When God heard this, his wrath like Fire did
His long-try'd Mercy did to anger turn, (burn,
Because they disbeliev'd what he had done,
And gave no credence to's Salvation.

Though he had shown such tokens of his Love,
By op'ning all the Clouds of Heav'n above,
And raining *Manna* that they all might eat,
That heav'nly-Bread he gave them for their

(Meat;

He fill'd and fed them with the Angels Food,
And as the Waters when they make a Flood
Come tumbling down, so Flesh showr'd on the

(ground

Vast heaps of Quails, did all their Camps sur-
(round.

Yet though at their requests he sent this Meat,
They disbelieve him still, and murm'ring eat,
Then was his Anger kindled, and the Chief
Of all their Tribes he slew for disbelief.

Though Plagues throughout their Camps like
(Lightning run,

Their hearts were stubborn, and they would not
(turn;

But still they Sinn'd, and sinning did declare
They'd not believe, in vain his Wonders were;

Therefore

A Paraphrase on Psalm 78. 127

Therefore their Rebel-lives he made them waste
In that same place, but two escap'd at last.
But when exemplar punishments did fall,
They then return'd, and on their God did call;
Then they acknowledg'd that they were his

(Flock,

He was their Saviour, and their mighty Rock;
Their Tongues did this declare, their Hearts the
Were as before as hollow, and as vile. (while
But God being full of Mercy did forgive
Their feign'd Repentance, willing they should
His Justice to his Mercy did give way, (live;
Unwilling to consume them in one day:
For he remember'd what they were, alas,
But as a Wind which soon away doth pass.

Ten times their diffidence they did express,
And long'd for *Egypt* in the Wilderness.
So senseless were they that they never thought
What there they suffer'd, nor how God had

(brought

Them forth from thence, and by their *Moses*

(hand

Destroy'd the Pride and Glories of that Land.

He turn'd their wholesome Rivers into Blood,
Vast Swarms of Flies, and Frogs devour'd their
(Food.

The fruitful burdens of the Earth were lost,
Their Vines with Hail were kill'd, their Trees
with Frost.

Their

128 A Paraphrase on Psalm 78.

Their Cows, their Sheep, their Asses, and their
(Colts,

Either with Hail were slain, or Thunder-bolts.

So great his Anger was, his Wrath so fierce,

He did his Plagues throughout the Land disperse.

But while poor *Egypt* was thus sore oppress'd,

To have their first-born slain of Man and Beast;

His Mercies and his care did still attend

On *Israel*, he did their All defend.

He led them through the Sea as on dry ground,

In which proud *Pharoah*, and his Hosts were

(drown'd.

He led them all along, and Wonders wrought,

Till at the length he them to *Sion* brought.

Then dreadful Fears upon the Heathen tell,

These Tribes o'recame them, in their Tents did

(dwell.

They had not long possess'd, but soon were cloy'd;

They wanted something, though they all en-

And as their Fathers did Apostatize, (joy'd;

So they to Idols offer'd Sacrifice.

When God heard this, he suffer'd Ark and all

His chosen Ones in Heath'nish hands to fall.

So sore displeas'd, and angry was the Lord,

He gave them up to the devouring Sword;

Their young-Men were destroy'd, their Virgins

(now

Liv'd single lives, by force, and not by Vow.

Their sacred Priests did perish by their Swords.

Their Wives express'd no sorrow by their words;

But

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A Paraphrase on Psalm 78. 129

But Grief fate lively painted on each Face,
Such consternations were in ev'ry place;
That God took pity, and arose at length,
Gave their enfeebled Hearts, and Arms fresh
(strength,
He smote with Botches in their hinder parts
The *Philistims*, and gave them tim'rous Hearts;
Their Dagon-God, they in their Temple found,
Before the Ark, lye shatter'd on the ground.
So what they got they durst not now defend,
But richly laded back again it send.

Moreover *Judah* of all *Jacobs* race
God chose, and *Sion* for his resting-place.
And this conspic'ous-Hill 'bove all he blest,
Decreeing here his Ark should ever rest.
He lowly-*David* from his Sheep did take,
From that Employ, he made him undertake
The care of all his People, which with skill
He did perform, according to his VVill.
He govern'd them with Wisdom, and with Art,
Walking before his God with all his heart.

PSALM 90.

i.

THou who art God from all Eternity,
Long 'fore this Globe of Earth was form'd
by thee.

K

Thou

130 A Paraphrase on Psalm 90.

Thou who hast since, blest be thy glorious Name,
 Upheld both us, and this same earthly Frame,
 Hear thou the fervent Pray'rs, the hearty-
 (Groans,
 That are sent up by thine afflicted Ones.

2.

When Man, thine Image which thou did'st cre-
 Apostatiz'd from his first happy State, (are,
 Unhappy we by our Fore-fathers deed,
 Have an entail of Death upon our Seed;
 Our times are in thy Hands, and 'tis but just
 When thou command'st, we should return to

3.

(dust

Should we be suffer'd, Lord, to linger here
 A tedious Life, as our Forefathers were,
 That length of time *Methuselah* did see,
 What is it, Lord, to thy immensity?
 A thousand years are nothing in thy sight,
 As yesterday, or as a Watch i'th' night.

4.

Death as a Torrent sweeps us clean away,
 And in a moment all our Joys decay,
 Like as the Grass i'th' Morn, so ev'ry one
 Doth flourish then, but is at Noon cut down.
 So vain are we, and of so short a time,
 That all our Glories wither in their Prime,

5.

Thus are we snatch'd from off this worldly-
 (Stage,
 In the full strength and verdure of our Age;
 For

A Paraphrase on Psalm 90. 131.

For thou hast set before thy searching Eyes,
As well our close, as known Apostacies;
In thy displeasure all our days we spend,
And as a Vapour so our Lives do end.

6.

Threescore and ten is the computed length
Of our Terrestrial Lives, but if through strength
We do attain unto the fourthscore year;
Then they are interwove with Grief and Care;
Like as a Dream so soon they pass away,
So fading are our Joys, so short's our stay.

7.

And though thy Wrath is equal to our fear,
Yet we so senseless are, and void of care,
That we contemn thy Rod, and think we shall
Inhabit here, and never dye at all;
But teach us so to number all our days,
That we may hate the Follies of our ways.

8.

Return, O Lord, at length; how long wilt thou
Look on thy Servants with an angry Brow?
O give us now thine everlasting Love,
And from our harrafs'd-Souls do thou remove
The sentence of Excision, long have we
Expected, Lord, thy promis'd-Land to see.

9.

Give days of Joys so many as may last,
Longer than all those years of Sorrows past,
Now magnifie thy glorious work of Grace,
Not only unto us, but to our Race;

K 2

Thy

Thy gracious Favour and thy Mercy shew,
And frame our Wills, thy sacred Will to do.

PSALM 91.

1.

HE who his whole concern entirely flings
Under the Shaddow of the Almighty's
(Wings,
Shall find a pow'rful God, a faithful Friend,
A certain Refuge to his Journeys end.

2.

This never-failing Axiome makes me go
To him, as to a Fort in which I know
No bloody Wars, nor sweeping Pestilence,
Nor wit of Man, can snatch my Life from thence.

3.

For as the stately Eagle guards from wrong,
Under her spreading Wings, her helpless Young;
So will the God of all the Earth be sure
Under his care that I shall live secure.

4.

(flight,
Though Deaths empyson'd Arrows take their
And slaughter thousands both by day & night,
Not one of all these deadly Shafts shall be
So rightly levell'd, as to mischief me.

5.

Yet I shall see the Wicked's just reward,
Vast piles of those who did not fear the Lord,

But

A Paraphrase on psalm 91.

But in these heaps my Carcass shall not lye,
Because I did upon the Lord rely.

6.

For he his holy Angels shall command, (Laid;
When heavy Judgments pass throughout the
That neither I, nor those within my Wall,
Shall taste those evils on the Wicked fall.

7.

The Lyon and the Adder, without dread,
I shall encounter, on their Necks shall tread;
The rav'nous Beasts like tame ones shall submit,
And yield themselves as conquer'd at my Feet.

8.

Because my whole delight was to fulfill
The Laws of God, and to obey his Will,
Because I did respect his glorious Name,
With honour he'll exalt me for the same.

9.

I shall no sooner call, but he will hear,
And free me from those Judgments others bear,
He'll crown my Life with length of days below,
And me above will his Salvation show.

PSALM III.

1.

I'll ever bless the Lord, and praise
His Name in secret with th' upright,

134 **A paraphrase on Psalm 111.**

And in his Courts extol his ways,
Those Wonders done in *Israels* sight.

2.

His VVorks so great and many are,
They are a Meditation fit
For the most Pious, and by far
Than other studies, benefit.

3.

He great and glorious things hath done,
His Truth for ever shall abide,
He made us, and to ev'ry one
Hath been a Fort, and constant guide.

4.

Those worthy deeds which he hath wrought
VVithin each breast, have left behind
Impressions, time can never blot,
The Lord is merciful, and kind.

5.

VVhat-e're it is the Faithful want,
They never fail of a supply,
He will perform his Covenant,
To all his Servants faithfully.

6.

The Vertue of his VVorks were shown
Unto his People, in their sight
The Heathen from their Lands were thrown,
And *Israel* enjoy'd their Right.

7.

His Actions just and righteous are,
All his appointments stand so fast,

And

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A paraphrase on Psalm 134. 135

And that exact uprightness bear,
They never alter to the last.

8.

From the *Egyptian*-Yoke he freed,
As he did vow to *Abraham*,
The Jews his own peculiar Seed,
Holy, and Rev'rend his Name.

9.

Then let us all his Laws obey,
And of his Judgments stand in dread,
These teach us VVisdom, and the way
To our eternal Joys they lead.

10.

And while we here a Being have,
Let's celebrate our Makers praise,
Translated hence we never leave
To chant above the self same Lays.

P S A L M 134

HAd not the Lord in a most signal way,
Stood up against our Foes, may *Isr'el* say,
Had not the God of *Jacob* set us free,
VVhen held in Fetters of Captivity,
The Torrent of their Fury had o're-run
Our Souls, with ruine and destruction.
But now his glorious Name be ever prais'd,
He to renown our abject State hath rais'd;

K 4

And

136 A Paraphrase on Psalm 125.

And hath preserv'd us from their cruel Rage
 VVhich nothing, but his Power, coule asswage.
 Safely at length our Souls escaped are,
 Though late entangled, from the Fowlers Snare;
 Yet not our Strength, nor Merits do we own
 To be the Cause of our Salvation;
 It was the Arm of the Almighty Lord, (stor'd.
 Who Fought, and Conquer'd, and our Joys re-

PSALM 125.

I.

WHoso on God relies, stands fixt & sure,
 As *Sions* holy Mount, which shall en-
 (dure,

Upon whose sacred Top the Lord declares
 He will reside, and hear his Servants Pray'rs.

2.

As *Salem's* safe from storms, on ev'ry hand,
 Fenc'd with those lofty-Hills which round her
 (stand,

So are the Faithful, in th' Almighty's Arms
 Impail'd secure from all destructive harms.

3.

Yet for a while Oppression may take place,
 And prosper here, disturbing *Israel's* peace,
 But the ungodly shall not long bear sway,
 Lest that the Righteous prove as bad as they.

A Paraphrase on Psalm 133. 137

4

For God is good, his care is over those
Who are sincere in heart, who do repose
Their confidence in him, he'l Crown their Love
With all those Joys the Blessed reap above.

5.

As for those Souls who basely turn aside
From all his Laws, and wont his Yoke abide;
Whom none of all his Judgments can forewarn,
In endless-Flames they shall for ever burn.
While in perpet'al peace his *Israel*,
That Her'tage of his own, shall ever dwell.

PSALM 133.

Lord,

1.

How glorious in thine Eyes do those appear
Who follow peace, and as Religion binds,
In perfect union, communion are,
Having no discords in their ways and minds.

2.

Such happy concord yields a fragrant smell,
Like to that precious Oyntment which was
(shed
Upon thy High Priests Crown, and downwards
(fell
Upon his Beard, and o're his Garments spread.

3.

3.
As the refreshing-Dew did gently fall
And cherish *Herman*, and bless *Sions Hill*,
So on the peaceful Heads of such Men shall
The blessings of the Lord, each Morn distill.

PSALM 140.

I.
DEfend me, Lord, from Malice and Deceit,
From all those Snares, the Proud have
(laid in wait

To catch my Soul, my ways they have beset
VVith treach'rous Gins, and Nets my Life to
(get;
But, Lord, their VViles, without thy leave I
(know,
Cannot effect my wish'd-for overthrow.

2.
Like as a Serpent from his poys'nous Tongue,
Darts forth his Venome, so they all day long
From their destructive Tongues, without just
(ground
With saund'rous Lyes, my spotless Lite do
(wound;
But thou my Shield art, under whom I dwell
Secure, or in this Conflict I had fell.

A Paraphrase on Psalm 130. 139

3.
Yet, Lord, lest these Men should exalted be,
As sure they will, if that they should go free,
Let their Device take no effect at all, (fall,
Wherein they thought to make me, make them
And rise no more, let them in Flames expire,
And with thy burning VVrath, Lord, Fan the
4. (Fire.

This fatal Doom let it for ever be
The VVicked's Portion, that the Just may see
Thou wilt maintain their Cause, and from thy
(Throne
Confound the lying and backbiteing-Tongue;
Then shall the Righteous flourish in thy sight,
And Laud thy Name who do'st defend their
(Right.

The end of the Psalms,

THRENODIA;

Yet Lord, lest these men should exalted be,
 As sure they will, if that they should go free,
 Let their Device take no effect at all, (all)
 Whence they thought to make me, make them
 And this no more, let them in flames expire,
 And with thy burning Wrath, Lord, let the
 (Fire)

This first Doom let it ever be
 The Vile's Portion, that the just may see
 Then will maintain their Cause, and from thy
 (Throne)
 Confound the lying and backbiting Tongue;
 Then shall the righteous flourish in thy light,
 And land thy Name who dost defend them
 (Right)

The end of the Psalms.

3 psalms on psalm 130.

THRENODIA:
OR, THE
LAMENTATIONS
OF

Jeremiah.
PARAPHRAS'D.
WITH A
PRAYER
FOR THE
CHURCH.

By *James Chamberlaine.*

LONDON,
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THE NEW DICTIONARY
OF THE
LAW

Jeremiah
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LAMENTATIONS.

CHAP. I.

1. *The miserable estate of Jerusalem by reason of her Sin.* 12. *She complaineth of her Grief.* 18. *And confesseth Gods Judgment to be Righteous.*

I.
How doth the City, she that once was
 (known
 To have her Temples circled with a Crown,
 Sit with a mournful Wreath of Cypress now,
 Like a forsaken VVidow, on her Brow?
 She that was once among the Nations great,
 And as a glorious Princess ruling fate
 Among the lesser Provinces, is made
 Unto the Foe to bow her stately Head.

2.
 Down her pale Cheeks the pearly drops do trill
 Both Day and Night, which from her Eyes
 (distill,
 Amongst her Lovers she hath found not one,
 That doth the troubles of her Soul bemoan,
 And

And that which adds fresh Fuel to her Woes,
Is, that her Friends are now become her Foes.

3.

Judah, for all those Cruelties which She
Hath done, is gone into Captivity,
She dwells among the Heathen, where her
(mind

Doth no repose from all her Trouble find,
All her Pursuers, who did for her look
Have in the narrow ways her overtook.

4.

The Ways of *Sion* mourn, because no Guests,
As they were wont, approach her solemn
(Feasts:

All her frequented Gates forsaken are,
No more Oblations in her Courts appear:
Because these fail, her Rev'rend Priests do
Her lovely Virgins do in Sorrow live, (grieve,
And She who once an undisturbed Peace
And plenty had, sits now in heaviness.

5.

Her Foes the only Chief are, who command
Within her Gates with an imperious Hand,
They prosper, happy and successful are,
While She the Judgments of the Lord doth bear,
For her Transgressions, are her Children gone
Captives before her Foes to *Babylon*.

6.

From *Sions* Daughter all the lovely Grace
Departed is, that once adorn'd her Face;

Her

Her Princes are with Hunger almost pin'd,
Become like Harts that can no Pasture find;
Vainly they think with fainting Limbs to fly
Before the Hunter, but fall down and dye.

7.

Jerusalem did to remembrance call
When she afflicted was and made to fall,
Those pleasant and delightful things which she
Lost, when she went into Captivity.
Her jeering Foes upon her Sorrows play'd,
And May-Games at her sacred Sabbaths made.

8.

Jerusalem hath sinned grievously,
And is remov'd for her Impiety.
All that ador'd her, do her now despise
Having beheld her lew'd Adulteries:
Sighing she turns her mounful Face aside,
And vents her Sorrows in a Briny Tide.

9.

Fill'd with Pollution, in her wanton mind
Her fearful end could no admittance find:
Therefore, when least she did of Judgment
(dream,
Down from her fancy'd Bliss she headlong came
In a most fearful manner, and no Eye
Let fall a Tear at her Calamity.
Behold, O Lord, the troubles of my Breast,
And how they are by a proud Foe encreast.

10.

His impious hand hath from her Eyes remov'd
Those sacred things, which she so dearly lov'd:
Within her Courts the Heathen have been seen,
Who were forbid by Thee to enter in.

11.

Her starving People for the want of Bread
Do sighing sit, not to be comforted,
All their delightful things they given have
For Food, to save them from the noisome Grave:
Behold, O Lord, consider how I now
Am held in no esteem, and made to bow.

12.

Have ye no sense of my afflicted case,
Ye savage Monsters, who this way do pass?
Stay but a while, and tell me if your Eyes
Have seen such sad amazing Miseries,
As my incensed God is pleas'd to lay
Upon my Soul, in this his wrathful day.

13.

He from above into my Bones hath sent
Consuming-Fire, as a punishment:
He for my Feet an unseen Net hath spread,
Amid'those sinful Paths I us'd to tread,
And backwards turn'd me; so that now I lye
Wasting, and fainting in my Misery.

14.

He round my Neck hath put the heavy Band,
Of my Transgressions with his angry Hand:

And

Lamentations.

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And my *Herculean* Strength hath weaken'd so,
That I am captiv'd by a feeble Foe;
Nor shall I ever able be again
To burst asunder my uneasie Chain.

15.

The Lord hath trampled under foot the strong
And valiant Men, which did to me belong:
In fury he hath sent an armed Host
To slay my Youth, and spoil my fertile Coast:
As in a Wine-Press, the Almighty hath
Trod *Judah's* Daughter, in his burning Wrath.

16.

No downy Sleep can on mine Eye-lids creep,
For these Afflictions day and night I weep;
Adown my Cheeks the briny Tears do rowl,
Because the Lord, who should relieve my Soul,
Is far from me; my Children des'olate are,
And Pris'ners made unto the Foe in War.

17.

Sion for Succour hath her Hands stretch'd out,
But all in vain; the Lord hath round about
Girt *Jacob* with his Foes; *Jerusalem*
Is as a menstr'ous Wretch, abhorr'd by them.

18.

The Lord is Righteous, and his Judgments all,
For my notorious Sins, do justly fall
Upon my wanton head: I all my days
Have been a Rebel to his sacred ways:
Hear, I beseech you, all ye passers by,
Look how forsaken I in Sorrow lye:

L 2

My

My Maids, and young Men by a conqu'ring
Are Captives led, into another Land. (hand

19.

I call'd on those, whom I my Lovers thought,
To come and help me, but they help'd me not:
My Priests and Elders in the Streets fell Dead;
Famish'd with Hunger for the want of Bread.

20.

Behold, O Lord, the Judgments of my Sin;
My Bowels work, my heart can't rest within;
Sad and dejected in the midst of Woes
I trembling sit, to see the slaught'ring Blows
Of the devouring Sword abroad; the while
Within my Gates pale Famine makes a spoil.

21.

My treach'rous Friends have heard how sadly I
Have mourn'd, but none would to my help
(draw nigh:

My Foes have likewise all my Trouble known,
And greatly joy at what thy Hand hath done:
But thou wilt bring their stablish'd day at last,
And plague them sorely, who have laid me

22.

(waste.

Then let their Sins in their full measure come
Before thy Face, and let them have their Doom;
A Doom as sharp as I have found from thee,
Do unto them as thou hast done to me:

It's time, O Lord, that thou should'st take my
And ease the Pains of my afflicted Heart. (part,

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

1. Jeremiah *lamenteth the Misery of Jerusalem.*
 20. *He complaineth thereof to God.*

I.

How hath the Lord forsaken his delight,
 And mask'd his *Sion* in the Shade of
 (Night,
 Took from her lovely Brow the awful Crown,
 And hath from Heav'n to Earth her Beauties
 (thrown,
 Rememb'ring not in this his wrathful day
 The sacred Temple, where we us'd to Pray.

2.

He ruin'd hath, and utterly destroy'd
 Those pleasant Tents, which *Jacob* long enjoy'd:
 Thrown down the Holds of *Judah's* Daughter
 (round,
 And raz'd, and made them level with the
 (ground:
 Yea as a thing unclean hath made the Land,
 And all her Princes in his Eye-sight stand.

3.

He in his Fury *Isr'els* Strength hath quell'd,
 And his all-sisting-Arm from him with-held
 Before the Foe, in his consuming Ire
 Hath *Jacob* wasted with devouring Fire.

L 3

4

4.

To its full bent, like a revengeful Foe,
His sin'wy-Arm hath drawn the fatal Bow;
And flew whate're in *Sions* Tent was known
To be with pleasure, and delight look'd on,

5.

He, as a Foe, hath *Ifr'els* Land laid waste,
And all his Forts, and Palaces defac'd;
In universal sorrow *Judah* lies,
Rending the gentle Air with mournful Cries,

6.

He from his Temple hath his presence took,
Like an unfruitful Garden it forsook;
In Rubbish laid his hallow'd House, and those
Scatter'd, who there to serve in Course were
(chose;

Hath caus'd the solemn Feasts, and Sabbaths too
Of *Sion* to forgotten be, and go
Without their due observance; and in's Wrath
The sacred King and Priest, despised hath.

7.

No mounting Flames upon his Altar rise;
His Temple hateful is unto his Eyes:
Her Walls within whose Guards we us'd to stand,
Are given up into the Heathens Hand:
As in a solemn Feast, their Voices are
Heard in our Courts to rend the sounding Air,

8.

The Lord hath purpos'd level as the ground
To lay the Walls that compass *Sion* round:

And

Lamentations,

151.

And hath stretch'd out a Line, resolved on
Her utter Ruine and Subversion:
Therefore the shielding-Rampart, and the Wall
Together sunk, and to the ground did fall.

9.

Her Brass-Ribb'd Gates, (which none could ever
(wound,)

And Iron-Bars Iye broken on the ground:
Her Kings and Princes, who in Purple sate
Dispensing Justice in her peaceful Gate,
Are Captives now among the Heathen gone;
No Law nor Justice in her Gates are known,
Her Prophets find no Vision from the Lord,
Nor in his House sounds forth the sacred Word.

10.

In a deep silence on the dusty ground
The Elders sit, with Woes encompast round;
With fullome Dust strow'd on each hoary-Head,
And with repenting Sack-cloath covered:
The lovely Maids of *Sion*, who would not
Within their Breasts admit a rustling thought,
Prest down with sorrow like the Aged go,
With palsi'd Limbs and Heads that downwards

11.

(bow.

My spongy Eyes, which from their Channels
(ne're

Fail'd to assist me with a moistning Tear,
Keep back their kind allwaging Dews from me,
Now I should use them in my Misery:

L 4

My

My Bowels tremble to behold the Fall,
 And fatal Ruine of my People all,
 To hear the little Sucklings make complaint,
 Seeking for Food, and as they seek it faint.

12.

They to their Mothers say with mournful
 (Voice,
 O where's the Corn and Wine that should re-
 (joyce
 Our drooping Souls? In vain for Food they cry,
 Fainting they sink within their Arms and Dye.

13.

Tell me, forsaken *Sion*, tell what thing
 Shall I to Witnes take for thee, or bring,
 That can with thee compare? O how shall I
 Think on a way to ease thy Misery?
 No 'tis beyond my Art thy Wound to reach,
 For like the Sea, so wide and deep a Breach
 Thy Sins have made, that to close up thy
 (Wound,
 And make it whole, no Balsome can be found.

14.

Thy Prophets have been busied with the Wind,
 Taught thee according to thy wanton Mind,
 They have not as they ought display'd thy Sin,
 To turn thee from the Bondage thou art in;
 But have pronounc'd instead of Truths false
 (Lyes,
 Which have ensnar'd thee in these Miseries.

15.

15.

All that pass by, insulting o're thy Bands,
Do hissing wag their Heads, and clap their Hands;
Saying, is this the City that Men call,
The joy of the whole Earth, and chief of all?

16.

Thy hellish Foes, joyful to see thy day,
As they walk by, do gnash their Teeth, and say,
What we have look'd for long, proud *Sions*
Is on her now in all its rigour come: (Doom,
Now we her Judgments have both seen and
(found,
Sion destroy'd, and levell'd with the ground.

17.

What God hath purpos'd in the days of Old,
And by his Prophets long ago foretold,
He hath fulfill'd: unto the Earth hath thrown
Thy stately Buildings without pity shown:
Nay, he hath made thee to thy Foes a scorn,
And over thee exalted hath their Horn.

18.

They cry'd unto the Lord, O *Sions* Wall,
How art thou ruin'd and forsok by all?
Let Tears, like an o'reflowing River, rowl
Down from thy weeping Eyes, and to thy Soul
Give no repose, no respite to thine Eye,
Let it for ever flow, and ne're be dry.

19.

Arise, and cry in the first Watch o'th' Night:
Pour out thine Heart like water in the sight

Of

Of the Almighty; and with Hands lift high,
 Implore thy Sucklings Lives, that fainting lye
 VVith Hunger in the top of ev'ry Street;
 Beg till thou can'st with his Compassion meet.

20.

See and consider, Lord, on whom it is,
 That thou hast laid so great a Plague as this:
 Shall Women eat the tender fruit o'th' Womb,
 Their Span-long-Children? Shall thy House }
 (a Tomb)
 Both to the Priest and Prophet now become?

21.

In ev'ry Street the youthful Heads are found,
 With the Gray-hairs to kiss the flinty ground:
 Thou hast my Virgins and my Young-Men all
 Slain, and made pit-lefs by the Sword to fall.

22.

As in a Solemn Day thou hast call'd out
 Thy Terroures, and beset me round about,
 So that not one in this thy wrathful Day
 Remain'd, or could by Flight escape away:
 Those that I swaddled, and brought up, the Foe
 Hath now, O Lord, consumed to my VVoe.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

1. The Faithful bewail their Calamities. 31. They acknowledge God's Justice.

1.

I Am the Man that hath Afflictions known,
By that smart Rod which he hath sent me

2.

(down,

Into sad darkness he my Soul hath brought,
And from mine Eyes the chearful Light shut

3.

(out;

Hath me forsaken, and hath turn'd his Hand
Against me, that I now do trembling stand.

4.

He hath my tender Flesh, & Snow-white Skin
Shrivell'd; and broken all my Bones within.

5.

He hath Besieg'd me, that I can't get free,
Walling me round with dreadful Misery.

6.

In dark and hideous places hath me put,
As are the Dead, who in the Grave are shut,

7.

Hath round about me made so strong a Fence,
So weighty made my Chains, I can't get hence.

8.

8.

When I with a loud cry assail his Ear,
He shuts my Prayer out, and will not hear.

9.

He hath block'd up my ways, made me forsake
The beaten Road, and unknown Paths to take.

10.

Like as a rav'ning Bear, he was to me,
Or as a Lyon lurking secretly.

11.

He stop'd me, and in pieces did me Tear,
And left me mangled and unpityed there.

12.

He bent his murth'ring Bow, & made me stand,
Like a most certain Mark to guide his Hand.

13.

He caus'd the winged-Darts from's horned-Bow,
With a swift flight into my Reins to go.

14.

I was a scorn to all my People, they
Made me the Subject of their Mirth all day.

15.

He hath me fill'd with bitter things, and me
Made drunk with Wormwood, to my Misery.

16.

He hath me wounded with afflictions sore,
And me with Athes covered all o're.

17.

He also hath my Soul remov'd from peace,
And I forget my former happiness.

18.

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18.

And said my Courage, and my strength is fled,
And from the Lord my hope is perilled.

19.

When I remember all those Sorrows I
Have undergone, and under which I lye.

20.

My Soul keeps them in mind, and for all this
She in my Bosome truly humbled is.

21.

This gives me hopes, that the Almighty will
Be my Defence, and my Preserver itill.

22.

And this must say, that of his Mercy 'tis,
That we are not consum'd, because that his

23.

Compassions fail not ; dayly they increase,
And great's to us his Love and Faithfulness.

24.

The Lord my Portion is, and therefore I
Will hope in him in all my Misery.

25.

Good is the Lord, and gracious to those
Who seek him, and their Trust in him repose.

26.

'Tis good for Man to wait the leisure time
Of Gods Salvation, and to trust in him.

27.

'Tis good for Man, in's Youth his Neck to fix
Unto the Yoke, and to Gods Laws submit.

28.

28.

Us'd to the Yoke, he doth no murmurs vent,
But bears with patience Heaven's punishment.

29.

Humbles himself, and doth with hopes attend,
When the Almighty will his succour lend.

30.

Reproach'd by those, who do his Ruine seek,
Unto their Stroaks he gives his tender Cheek.

31.

Knowing that God wont him forsake, but be
A just Avenger of his Injury.

32.

That though he send Afflictions, yet at last
They, who them suffer, shall his Mercies taste.

33.

He takes no pleasure to chastise at all,
Or let Afflictions on his Creatures fall.

34.

To crush the Fetter'd Pris'ner of the Earth
Under his Feet, to whom he did give Birth:

35.

To turn aside the Right of any one,
That craves admittance to the sacred Throne:

36.

To overthrow the Cause, that righteous is,
The Lord doth not, nor will approve of this.

37.

Who is't that says a thing, and when 'tis brought
To pass, dares say, that Heaven will'd it not?

38.

38.

Out from the sacred Lips of God can't come
Both Good and Bad, he gives a righteous Doom.

39.

(God)

Why then doth Man repine, when struck by
Wer't not for's Sin, he'd never feel his Rod.

40.

Let's search and try our ways, let's turn unto
Our angry God, and see what he will do.

41.

(high,

Let's, with our Hands, lift up our Hearts on
And thus bespeak the dreadful Deity;

42.

We all have sinn'd, we all have Rebels been,
Therefore thou hast us plagued for our Sin.

43.

With Wrath thou hast o'rewhelm'd, and clos'd
And made us pit'less to thy Fury fall. (us all;

44.

In a thick Cloud thou hast thy self inshrin'd,
That through't our Prayers should no passage

45.

(find.

We are by all men the Off-scouring deem'd,
And look'd on as unfit to be esteem'd.

46.

With open Mouths our Foes their Joys express,
Glad to behold us plung'd in deep distress.

47.

Fear, and a Snare are come on us, and we
Destroyed are with great severity.

48.

48.

Mine Eyes with Rivers of salt Tears, gush out,
For the Destruction on my People brought.

49.

(cease

Adown my Cheeks they glide, and will not
Till from my troubles he doth me release:

50.

Till that the Lord in mercy will look down,
They'l never stop, but Day and Night will run.

51.

My very Heart with grief within me's torn,
To hear the Daughters of my City mourn.

52.

Like as a Bird, so am I chas'd by those,
Who are, without just cause, my mortal Foes.

53.

Into a Dung'on dark they have me thrown,
And over-whelm'd me with a Massy-Stone.

54.

Billows of Sorrows o're my Head did pass,
Then I concluded that I ruin'd was.

55.

I call'd upon thy Name, O Lord most high,
Out of the Dung'on in my Misery.

56.

Unto my Voice thou hast inclin'd thine Ear,
With-hold not now, and be not deaf, but hear.

57.

Thou, in the day when I did call, drew'st near,
Did'st answer, and command me not to fear.

58.

58.

Thou, & thou only, Lord, maintain'ft my Cause,
And did'ft my Life redeem from Bloody Paws.

59.

wrong,

And now, O Lord, since thou hast seen my
Judg thou my Cause, it doth to thee belong.

60.

(seen,

Thou hast with watchful Eye their Vengeance
And all their thoughts, that have against me

61.

(been.

Thou hast, O Lord, both heard their Scoffs and
All, that against me in their hearts is done.

62.

Unto those Lips, who do against me rise,
Thou art no Stranger, nor to their device.

63.

When they uprise, or when they lye along,
I am the Subject of their mirthful Song.

64.

Give them, O Lord, their due, and speedy Doom,
Full Cups of Vengeance, let them flowing come.

65.

Let killing Sorrow sit on ev'ry Heart;
Let not thy Fatal Curse from them depart.

66.

Pursue; and chase them in thine anger, Lord,
And from the Earth destroy them with thy
(Sword.

CHAP. IV.

1. *Sion bewaileth her pitiful estate.* 13. *She confesseth her Sins.*

1.
HOW is the beamy-Gold grown dim as
 (Night?
 How is the pure Gold chang'd, which was most
 (bright?
 How are the Temple-stones with dirty Feet
 Defil'd, and scatter'd into ev'ry Street?

2.
 The Noble Men of *Sion*, lik'ned to
 The most fine Gold, how are they look'd on
 (now?
 But as the Potters handy-work of Clay;
 No other Honour, or esteem have they.

3.
 The watry-Monsters ne're deny the Breast,
 But give their Young the Teat, when they re-
 (quest:
 My People cruel to their Young Ones are,
 Like th' unnatural *Ostrich*, void of care.

4. (Tongue,
 With scorching thirst the tender Suckling's
 Cleaves to the vaulted Roof of's Mouth: the
 Young

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And harmless Infants, that can scarcely speak,
Ask of their Parents Bread, but none they break.

5.

They, who did use on choicest Food to feed,
Perish i'th' Streets, and none their crys do heed:
They who were Rob'd with Cloath of Tyrian-
Naked upon a loathsome Dunghil lye. (Dy,

6.

My People for their Sins more chast'ned are,
Than e're the People of lew'd Sodom were:
Their City soon consumed was to th' Ground,
And no appearing Foe Encamp'd it round.

7.

Her Nazarites, who were more purely White
Than is the Fleecy Snow, and Milk to fight,
More Ruddy than the Rubies ever were,
And than the polish'd Saphyr, shin'd more clear;

8.

So changed are, as to their Faces, now
That one them cannot for their Blackness know:
Close to their Iv'ry-Bones their Skin is shrunk,
And wither'd like a dead Trees Sapless Trunk.

9.

Those, who are killed by the Sword, are far
Better, than they, who slain by Famine, are:
For these, when stricken by it, lingring lye,
And by degrees doe pine away, and Dye.

10.

The half starv'd Mothers forced were to Eat
The Fruit of their own Wombs, for want of
Meat,

M 2

So

So much distress'd, and to this dismal pass
Were they reduc'd, when *Sion* ruin'd was.

11.

The Lord his furious Indignation hath
Accomplish'd, and pour'd out his burning
(Wrath;

He such a Fire hath in *Sion* made,
As hath in Rubbish her Foundations laid.

12.

The Crowned Heads, and those of meaner
(Birth,
That trod the globous-Surface of the Earth,
Would not have thought, that ever any Foe
Should have on *Sion* seiz'd, and brought it low.

13.

For the notorious Sins of those, who were
Her Priests & Prophets, all these Judgments are
Upon her brought, they are the Cause of all
The Purple Blood, that in her Streets did fall.

14.

Defil'd with Blood, which in the Streets they
(shed,
Like Blind Men up and down they wandered,
And were so foul, that Men did them detest,
And durst not come to touch their sacred Vest.

15.

The Rabble with a loud *Stentorean* cry
Call'd to the Priests, and bid them thence to fly;
Depart, depart, ye are unclean, said they,
Therefore they fled, and roved Night and Day:
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Lamentations.

165

The Heathen follow'd with a dreadful Yell,
And said they should no more in *Sion* dwell.

16.

The Wrath of God hath them disperfed quite,
He will no more abide them in his fight:
Because they neither to their Priests did give
A due refpect, nor did their Age relieve.

17.

Whil'ft we expecting looked towards the Coast
Of *Egypt*, waiting for a fucc'ring Hoft,
Our gazing Eyes were dim and weary grown,
Looking for help, from whence we could have

18.

(none.

From Street to Street they did purfue us fo,
That we could no where from their Fury go:
Upon our Lives is paff the fatal Doom,
Our Days are finifh'd, and our End is come.

19.

Our deadly Foes in Flight much fwifter are
Than is the quick Wing'd Eagle of the Air:
They have purfu'd us on the Mountains, and
Have waited for us in the Defart Sand.

20.

The Lord's Anointed in their Nets are ta'ne,
In whom we hop'd, & by their Hands is Slain;
Of whom we faid, under his Shaddow we
Shall live fecure, and from our Fears be free.

21.

Rejoyce, O *Edom's* Daughter, be thou joy'd
Who did'ft infult, when *Sion* was destroy'd:

M 3

Thou

Thou shalt e're-while the Cup of Fury taste,
Be sham'd, as She was, and like her laid Waste.

22.

Thy Woes, O *Sion*, are fulfill'd, no more
Shalt thou be Captive made, as heretofore:
But, O thou *Edom*, Heaven will begin
To visit thine Offence, and show thy Sin.

CHAP. V.

A pitiful Complaint of Sion in Prayer to God.

BE mindful, thou, of all our Woes, whose
(Throne
In Heaven is: on our reproach look down.

2.

The Land, thou gav'st us to Possess, is Till'd
By Heathens, and our Houses with them fill'd.

3.

No King we have, our Cities all are left,
As mournful Widows, of their Loves bereft.

4.

We can't fetch Water from the Chrystal Spring,
Nor Fuel get, unless its price we bring.

5.

Our Necks are with a grievous Bondage prest,
Wearied we are, and can obtain no rest.

We

6.

We have for Bread implored *Egypt's* Aid,
And a firm League with wicked *Asshur* made.

7.

Our Fathers have transgressed, and are no more;
We their Transgressions, and our own have bore.

8.

Servants have rul'd, and had o're us command;
None would us free from their imperious Hand.

9.

We ran the hazard of our lives for Mear,
Because the Sword around did for us wait.

10.

Our Skin did black (as is the Oven) look,
Because lank-Famine rag'd in ev'ry nook.

11.

They forc'd the Wives in *Sion*; and in wild,
And burning Lust their lovely Maids defil'd.

12.

They hang'd our Princes up, and had no care
To honour them, who Priests or Aged were.

13.

They made the Young-Mén labour at the Mill,
With weighty Burdens did the Children kill.

14.

No Law-dispensing-Elder now doth sit
In *Sions* Gate, nor's Musick heard in it.

15.

The Joy and Pleasure of our Heart is fled,
Our Daunce we now in mournful Measures

Tread.

M 4

The

16.

The State and glory of our Realm is gone,
Wo to us, for our Sins have it undone.

17.

For this our Hearts are Faint, our Grievs increase,
And for these things our Eyes ne're Weeping

18.

(cease.

But chiefly for that *Sion* (sam'd of Old
To be thy Joy) is now the Foxes hold.

19.

But why, O Lord, thou sole Eternal One,
Who hast an everlasting settled Throne,

20.

Do'st thou so long forget, and leave us here;
And to our Out-cries wilt not lend an Ear?

21.

Turn thou, Lord, and we shall turned be,
And let us have the Days, we once did see:

22.

But thou hast cast us off; thine angry look
Shows, that thou hast thy *Sion* quite forfook.

CONCLUSION.

THUS hath my Pen through various Trou-
(bles past,
Traverst the Woes of *Sion*, and at last
Unto the end of her Complaint is come:
Grant that our *Sion* may not find her Doom.

In

A Prayer for the Church. 169

In Thee we hope, in Thee we Trust alone,
To thee we fly, save us, Thou Mighty One:
This Favour from our Princes can't be had;
Thou only can'st preserve, and make us glad.

A Prayer for the Church.

ETernal God, to whom all Knees shall bow,
Unto whose goodness we our Beings owe:
How have we all from thy Commandments
Following our vain Imagination? (gone,
Hast thou not seen thy Mercies slighted, all
Thy Laws and Judgments in contempt to fall?
And heard how we, with impious Mouths, have
(said,

There is no God, no God who hath us made:

I cannot, Lord, but tremble, when I muse

On these our fearful Sin; nor can I chuse

But burst into a sad and doleful Cry;

What merit we for our Impiety?

We here deserve to feel thy heaviest Doom;

And those eternal Flames i'th' World to come.

But thou, who art an ever gracious God,

To anger slow, unwilling with thy Rod

To grieve the Sons of Men: who ready art

Fully to pardon the returning heart,

But a consuming Fire, that will burn

The Soul that will not be induc'd to turn;

Make us sincerely sorrowful for all

Our

170 A Prayer for the Church.

Make us sincerely sorrowful for all
Our crying Sins, that for thy Vengeance call.
Forgive us all our secret, and our known
Transgressions, which we against thee done:
And grant, that we may willingly no more
Provoke thy furious Wrath, as heretofore.

And since our Hearts are in thy Hands, O Lord,
Make them obed'ent to thy Will and Word:
Send into ev'ry Breast that peaceful Dove,
Thy holy, and eternal Sp'rit of Love,
To rule and lead us in the way of Peace;
Whose end is everlasting Happiness.
That, for the future, there may not arise
Amongst us, baneful Animosities.

Be gracious to thy Church, and scatter all
That daily seek and Plot to make her Fall.
Make them to perish in their strange device,
And never rise to work her Miseries.
But let thy Goodness, and thy Mercies flow
Upon her Head, & with her always go. (Brow,

And since a dismal Cloud with frowning
Hovers o're thy despised *Sion* now;
O let thy Goodness, a quick piercing-Ray
Send down, and chase this direful Cloud away;
That it upon her may not fall, and we
For our Offences thereby Ruin'd be.
But chiefly, Lord, we here do thee invoke,
To save her from *Romes* hateful hellish Yoke.
Let not that Man of Sin, wh' exalts his Throne
Above the Powers that on Earth are known,

Subject

A Prayer for the Church.

171

Subject her to his most imperious Sway,
And make her to his Avarice a Prey.
Infat'ate his Designs, and on him lay
The Mischiefs purpos'd to Her day by day.

Cover with thy out-stretched Wings the Great
And Gracious Sov'raign of our Church & State:
In spite of those, who rage, and cursing stand,
To see the Scepter flourish in his Hand;
Preserve his sacred Life, and make them all,
Who seek his Ruine, by his Hand to fall.
Here Crown him with a long and blessed Peace,
And, when he Dyes, with endless Happiness.
Bless likewise those, who at thy Altar serve;
Grant that their Lips may right'ous Truths pre-
(serve:

Let both their Lives and Doctrins be sincere,
And let them, like the Stars, shine bright and
Bless all inferiour Ministers of State, clear.
Fill them with wholsome Justice in the Gate;
Let well weigh'd Judgment from their Mouths
(proceed,

And not the name of Friend or Foe to heed.
Be good to all thy People ev'ry where,
And keep them in thy Faith, and in thy Fear;
Convert the unconverted; make us all
To own one Shepherd, and to know his Call.
Then we thy People, who to thee belong,
From day to day will with a thankful Song
Set forth thy Praise, and to the World declare
How great thy Goodness and thy Mercies are.

Poems

POEMS

ON SEVERAL

Occasions.

By the same Hand.



L O N D O N,

Printed by R. E. for R. Bentley, and M.
Magnes, in Russel-Street in Covent-
Garden, 1680.

FORMS

ON CERTAIN

Occasions

By

JOHN W. F. W.

JOHN W. F. W.
PUBLISHED BY
G. W. F. W.
1850

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Poems on several Occasions.

The Sinners Wish.

AH could I, Lord, at thy blest Hands,
 Receive a Freedom from my Bands,
 From killing Sins and worldly-Cares,
 From future Torments, dismal Fears,
 Were I as certain of thy Love,
 As Angels that enjoy't above,
 Beauty with her bewitching-Smiles,
 VVhich Fetters Millions with her Wiles,
 Should ne're embrace me in her Arms,
 I'de stand unconquer'd at her Charms;
 Those wealthy Treasures of the Shoar,
 The costly Gems, the glitt'ring Oar,
 These I'de contemn upon this score;
 That I might Heavens Treasures know,
 And when I dye may thither go,
 Say, Lord, the Word and't shall be so.

On Lazarus rais'd.

Lord!

THe Grave obey'd, Death's Bands did fall
 Afunder, at thy pow'rful Call,
 And all those faithless Lookers on,
 Beheld his Resurrection,
 Such charming Rhet'rick's in thy Voice,
 The Dead Revive, the Sad Rejoyce,
 And the lov'd *Laz'rus* did return
 From the close Prison of his Urn.
 As thou was pleas'd to raise from dust
 His senseless Carcass, so I trust
 Thou'lt call my Soul from ev'ry Lust.
 And from this earthly Prison free
 It, to a glorious Liberty.

To Death.

I.

Since *Adam* sinn'd, and by that fatal Fall,
 Gave thee a Sov'raign Power over all,
 It is decreed, we must obey thy Call.

2.

To thy dark Cell when thou command'st I'll go,
 Since my dear Lord, hath trod that Path, I
 No Terrors I shall meet in th' Shades below.

3.

3.

Pale Fear adieu, go find some other Breast
For thine abode, ne're think that thou shalt rest
Within my Bosom, I'll have no such Guest.

4.

And since it is decreed my Body must
Return from whence it had it's Birth at first,
Pronounce thy Sentence, & discharge thy Trust.

5.

But know thy conq'ring Dart in time will fly
Into thy cruel-Heart, then thou shalt dye,
But ne're with me enjoy Eternity.

6.

Yet I declare thou art my real Friend,
Since from this earthly Prison thou dost send
My Soul, unto those Joys which have no end.

The Morning Sacrifice.

1.

NO sooner doth the chearful Light
Dispel the Horrors of the Night,
But like the Lark my Soul aloft
Mounts to her God, in Notes most soft
Recounts to Him with great delight,
All her past Mercies of the Night.

2.

And since thou, dearest Lord, dost prize
A thankful Heart, since in thine Eyes

N

178 *Poems on several Occasions*

It is of value ev'ry day,
This grateful Tribute I will pay,
And 'twere a madness since no more
Thou dost exact, to run e' th' Score.

3.
For, O my Soul, what more befits
Thee to return for benefits,
Than what the Angels do always?
Chant forth his most deserved Praise,
Who ev'ry dawn doth give new Birth
To all thy solid Joys on Earth.

On Reprobation.

1.
I Cannot think my God thou didst create
Some Men on purpose for no happier State
Than endless Torments, which shall know no

2. (date.
Nor dare I own a thought that Christ did dye
Only for Some, not All intention'ly,
These Doctrines I abhor most perfectly.

3.
That Man the noblest of thy Works should be,
By thee design'd for endless Misery,
To shew thy Justice, and thy Sov'raignty.

4.
My Soul shall never entertain a thought
Of so much horror, of that God who sought
Our Restauration, and redemption bought. 5.

5.1

When all along thou promises do'st make,
To all Mankind who will their Sins forsake,
Thou wilt forgive, shall thy Word not take?

6.1

Yes, Lord, I will; though boldly some declare,
Thy known and secret Will so different are,
When thou say'st live, then we're intend'd to

7.1

'Tis strange they should some few dark places
To speak their Sense, when, Lord, thou dost pro-

(test

Such thoughts were never harbour'd in thy

8.1

How vile's that Man whose heart doth not a

(gree

With's Tongue, good God and just! how is't

(that we,

What Man's ashamed of, attribute to thee?

9.

What in my heart I think, to All I'll tell,
Such contradictions sure can never dwell,
With perfect Purity, their Mansion's Hell.

10.

Were I to represent to th' publick View
A Devil, Hypocrite, or Trayt'rous Jew,
I would delineate them; as these do you.

180 *poems on several Occasions.*

11.

(show,

What strange presumption do these Gnosticks
To make as if they did thy Secrets know,
Which none can tell, who doth converse below?

12.

In thy most sacred Writ 'tis manifest
There's none excluded, all Men may be blest,
If they are willing, with eternal Rest.

13.

For thou art good and gracious unto all,
Long-suffering to us Sinners, and dost call
All to repentance, would'st have none to fall.

14.

And for this purpose Christ for all did dye,
He hath affirm'd this Truth who cannot lye,
To doubt of which confronts Divinity.

15.

Most safe it is to rest on this belief,
Most satisfactory, it eases Grief,
And yields a poor desponding Soul relief.

A Meditation on Mans Folly.

Lord, what a foolish thing is Man,
How fond is he of Toys?
How doth he spend that little Span
Of his, in empty Joys?

But for that precious Soul of his
He takes no future care,
To fit it for immortal Bliss,
Such thoughts too serious are.
Himself to ev'ry pleasure gives,
And drowns his Soul in Lust,
In all destructive Sins he lives,
Till levell'd with the Dust.

Give me, O Lord, that pious care
And that obsequious love,
That all my Actions may declare,
I seek that place above,
Where we from Sin exempt shall be,
From Sorrow, and from Tears,
And where no Trouble we shall see,
Nor frightened be with Fears.

A Vow.

I Vow, Lord give me grace, no beauteous smile,
No Wedg nor Honor shall my Soul beguile
From strict obedience, no not all the art
Of the seducing Fiend shall tempt my Heart,
Though all the Glories of the World should be
Amass'd together in one Treasury,
And by him tender'd, yet I would not bow
To his damn'd Scepter, but I'de keep my Vow.

Deus mi.

Bless me with peace of Conscience,
 And in my Soul with innocence,
 Love of my God, and dearest Friends,
 And my Ambition hath its ends.
 This, Lord's the Alt, I must confess,
 I dare on Earth call happiness,
 I limit not thy Providence
 To act according to my sense:
 Dispose of me as thou think'st fit,
 And make my Will to thine submit.

Domine Jesu.

THe Vertue of that Balm which did distill
 From thy pierc'd side, infuse into my
 (Will,
 That thy good pleasure here I may fulfill.
 2.
 Make me to Thee as to the Center move,
 Each thought and act refine, inflame my love
 To all thy ways, that I may faithful prove.
 3.
 And since to thee, the Cross must be my guide,
 That joy which made thee, make me to abide
 Its weight, till I in Paradise reside. To

To a young Person that was about
to Vow Celibacy.

1 Tim. Chap. 5. Ver. 14

*I will therefore that the younger Women marry,
bear Children, guide the House, give none oc-
casion to the Adversary to speak reproachfully.*

SHe who her Reason lays aside,
And Superstition makes her Guide,
Can never hope by that false Light,
To do an action that is right.
In all religious Duties know,
Most principally, e're we Vow,
Right Reason should be sought unto.
Those which endure her rigid Test,
Them to embrace and leave the rest.

Then must thou love that state as best,
Which God in *Paradise* hath blest,
There Marr'age took its early Date,
There they began to Procreate.
A single Life He did foresee
Was inconvenient, Multiply

Gen. 1:
18.

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The great Creator did command,
And what he Wills none should withstand.
Had not his Wisdom lik'd by far
The married Life, though link'd to care,
As tending to a nobler end
Than Celibacy can pretend,
Thy Sex had never had its Birth,
Thy Being was to Man the Earth,
And not to live a strict Recluse
Neither to God or Man of use.

Is it in thee a pious part,
The great Design of Heav'n to thwart,
To vow a Virgin cloister'd Life,
Since thou art fit to be a Wife?
No, 'tis an impious act in thee,
Being young, to vow Virginity;
'Tis, though Devotion's the pretence,
'Gainst God and Nature an offence.
For, whatsoe're thou thinkest, sure
Destructive Vows God can't endure;
And none can more destructive be
Than those of Cloister'd Chastity.
Should all thy Sex be of this mind,
The Peopled Earth would quickly find
Its self bereft of either Kind. }
Of Millions now, a He, or She,
In one short Age there would not be.
Then think not on so rash a Vow,
Which aims at Ruine, quickly now

Be

Poems on several Occasions. 185

Be thou a Proslyte to that state,
For which God did thy Sex create,
And be not tempted to do ill,
By a misguided Zeal, or Will,
To undertake what cannot be
Safely resolved on by thee.

Perchance thou fondly think'st that they
Who married are want time to Pray,
And exercise their Piety;
This is a great mistake in thee,
They have their times of Vacancy.
'Tis true, so long they cannot be
As Sanctimon'lists on the Knee,
Because attended with more care,
And bus'ness than the Cloyster'd are;
Yet this their care their duty is,
Time so imploy'd doth lead to Bliss,
And is no bar to Happiness.

Religion's active, hates a Drone,
Who buzzing spends each day alone
In Pray'r and Contemplation.
Both fitting duties to be done,
Great Pillars of Religion,
But she who wholly rests on these,
Though she may fancy what she please,
Spends but her days in idleness.

So lives the lazy Nun, the Wife
Who truly virtuous is, a Life
Devouter leads than any she
Who vows Recluse Virginity.

No

286 **Johnson on several Occasions;**

No fullen humour clouds her mind;
Nor superstitious Zeal doth blind
Her Reason, so much to despise
That state, which Heaven dignifies.
Her God she honours, honours too
Her Husband, as she ought to do.
Hazards with an undaunted mind,
Her Life to propagate her kind;
Shuns not the World, nor bus'ness here,
But walks in both with so much care;
That neither proves her Conquerour.
And though Temptations do abound,
Beset her Soul, she keeps her ground.
Sure such a courage bears away
The Palm from her who shuns the fray,
And out of fear to be o'come,
Within close Walls her Life doth doom.

Too tedious 'twere to tell the ways,
And pious actions of her days,
She loves, industrious is, obeys,
Each morn she brings a Sacrifice
Of Pray'r and Thanks, before her Eyes
Close up at Night a holy Flame
Dissolves her Soul in Pray'r again.
Nor doth the duty of the day,
From Heaven steal her heart away;
For while her hands most busied are,
In managing her house-affair,
She breaths a short, yet grateful Pray'r.

Such

poems on several Occasions. 187

Such grapple Blessings, prove more strong
Than cloyster'd Pray'rs a whole day long,
They mount, and with a quicker Wing
To all her Wants fresh Succours bring
Than a more tedious Offering.
And for the good of all Mankind,
As full and quick returns do find.

Thus lives the virtuous Wife, and so
Thou, being young, should marry too,
And live, as she's describ'd to do,
For, 'tis not good to live alone,
Two being better much than one
In Health, or sad Affliction.

In the chaste, blessed Nuptial Twine,
Women gives much a brighter shine,
More good Examples in that State
Shows, than the fruitless Celibate.
To God more grateful presents gives,
Holy'r, and full as chastly lives
(If not much more) than any She
Immur'd within a Nunnery.

I'll say no more — but chuse that Life,
Which God approves off, be a Wife.

Justice.

Justice should all our Actions steer,
It our embodied Souls will rear
Above the reach of anxious Fear.

When

188 Poems on several Occasions

When Death our earthly-Frame destroys,
 'Twill crown our Souls with perfect Joys,
 'Twill free our Bodies from the Grave,
 That they a Resurrection have,
 And safely seat us in that Bliss
 Which fades not, but eternal is.

The Prodigal Son.

I.

WHile lib'ral Fortune did dispense
 Her Favours, in great affluence;
 And his beloved God, his Chest,
 Deny'd his Ryots no request,
 He like a frantick-Beast did run
 The Stages of Destruction.

2.

But when a total emptiness
 Did his consumptive Bags possess,
 His Belly pinch'd, his Treasure gone,
 He then consider'd what he had done,
 And to his Father goes in haste,
 Implores forgiveness for what's past.

3.

Thus want a reformation wrought,
 And the luxurious Youth was taught,
 To chuse the good, with care to shun
 Those Follies he so doted on.
 O happy change! which made him know
 The danger which he ran into.

Thom

Thou didst hide thy Face and I was troubled.

WHEN from my sinful Soul that glorious
(Sun,
Thy blessed Spirit, Lord, was forc'd to run,
Soon did the actions of my Life betray
The want of that pure Light, then did I stray
In those dark Regions, where no heavenly Ray
Affords one light'ning glance to guide my way.
Immortal God! in what a dismal case
Was my poor Soul, when thou withdrew'st thy
(grace?

As in a Garden the enamell'd Flow'rs,
When the Sun's mask'd with sullen Clouds or
(Show'rs,
Close up their Leaves, and sad and pensive look
To miss that warmth which from his Beams
(they took,

Till he again doth dart a liv'ning Ray,
Their Beauty fades, and sweetness doth decay;
So when thy Beams of Mercy thou didst quite
Vail from my Soul, what an *Egyptian-Night*
Did cover it; how did its Beauty fade
And Glory wither in that dismal Shade
But when again that Sun-shine did appear,
Which doth inspirit all our actions here,
My Soul forthwith reviv'd, and vows to sing
Perpet' al Hallelujahs to my King.

On Mary Magdelene weeping.

THe Scene is chang'd, that lovely Grace
 Which fate triumphing in her Face
 Which whosoe're beheld, streight found
 The Darts of Love his Soul to wound,
 Grief hath o're-cast; those wanton Eyes,
 Whose Glances challeng'd Victories,
 Shed penitent Show'rs, and that Hair,
 Each Curl of which did prove a Snare
 To fetter Youth, dishevel'd lyes,
 And serves for Towels to those Eyes,
 Which over-flow with happy Tears,
 Whose drops gain'd Heav'n, and calm'd her Fears.

On the ten Lepers made clean.

THe ten were heal'd, and all but one
 Unthankful prov'd, for what was done,
 You may as well confine the Wind
 To constancy, as think to bind
 With kindness an ungrateful Mind; }
 Yet when afflictions prest them sore, }
 How ready were they to implore }
 Their Saviour's help, his Cross once o're }
 They never thought upon him more. }

Good

Poems on Liberal Devotions: 192

Good God! that mercies oft should prove
Destructive Rocks to Shipwreck Love!

*Riches and Beauty are deceitful, but a faithful
Friend is the Medicine of Life.*

That glittering Idol most adore,
Within her Temple others may
Pay their Devotions; I ne're more
Will Idolize what will destroy;
What though she wealthy Treasures plead,
Gold-Chains will unto Torments lead.

Beauty shall ne're my Soul debase,
Under that form there oft do ly
A rotten Soul, though lovely Face,
Full of mis-shap'd deformity,
Scarce one of thousands can we find
Who lovely is, in Shape, and Mind.

'Tis not a Fabrick rear'd on high,
Nor Riches that can ease the Mind,
'Tis not a lovely Face, nor Eye,
Wherein we can contentment find,
'Tis none of all these things, that can
Yield solid comforts to a Man.

192 Poems on several Occasions

It is a faithful-hearted Friend,
Whose kindness to me knows no date,
Though Poverty should be my end,
Scorns to convert his Love to hate,
Who when I sin will always be
A Faithful Monitor to me.

Unto whose breast I dare commit
A secret, safe as in my own,
Who ne're will in angry fit
Betray his Trust to any One,
Nor from my Interest will be
Withdrawn by Frowns or Flattery.

If such a Friend I chance to find,
I'll Center all my Joys in this—
I have a Jewel to my mind,
There's not on Earth a greater Bliss,
Ambition may eck on desire,
Mine here shall rest, and soar no higher.

The Sensualist.

ALL that below this heav'nly Orb doth
(move,
For Man was made, and so ordain'd above,
What reason is there that he should deny
Himself the Pleasure, to content his Eye?

Woman

Woman that lovely Creature here was plac'd,
 For his delight to gaze on, and to taste
 That fragrant Balm which on her Lips doth
 For him to wanton in her Vale below. (grow,
 All those rich Treasures both of Sea and Land,
 Were they not made to bow to his Command?
 And whatsoever his vast mind doth crave,
 Was he not freely his desires to have?
 Then where's the Sin, or how doth he amiss,
 If he doth use them as his pleasure is?
 Sure Man, by God, above the Brutes was grac'd
 With Reason, and for nobler ends here plac'd,
 As Sovereign over all, than to allow
 His Reason should to's Will and Passions bow:
 This never could be the Creator's thought,
 When out of Clay this curious piece he wrought;
 And none but Folly will pretend to own,
 This he design'd in his Creation.

'Tis true, that Woman by the lib'ral hand
 Of Heav'n was fram'd to be at Mans command,
 So as to make a loyal, loving Wife,
 And prove a Comfort in his tedious Life,
 But not to gaze on with a lustful Eye,
 Much less unmarried in her Arms to lye.

And though the Treasures of the wealthy
 (Shoar,
 And Sea are subject to Man's lordly Pow'r,
 Yet can't he without yielding up his sense,
 And proving guilty of an high offence,

194 Poems on several Occasions.

Claim (as a Sovereign) with a wanton Hand,
At will to rifle both the Sea and Land,
And make them bow unto his boundless Lust,
Then own the action not to be unjust.
He had not his Dominion to abuse
The things created for his needful use,
But was to have a most regardful Eye,
Not to enslave them to his Luxury.

If so there's no Man but a Fool will say,
He, as his pleasure is, may them enjoy.

A Prayer.

1.

Great God! whose providential Care
Is over all, bow down thine Ear
Unto my Pray'r, permit not Thou
The Devil, my invet'rate Foe,
To work my final overthrow.

2.

So closely on our Souls he waits,
With his bewitching-tempting-Baits,
That straight our Sensual parts we please,
Embrace a short and transient ease,
And hazard all than Flesh displease.

3.

With-hold not then thy saving-Grace
From me, my God, one Minutes space,

Left

Poems on several Occasions. 195

Lest this my brittle House of Clay,
With my immortal Soul, a Prey
Becomes to him the damn'd obey.

4.

O let thy Love procure for me
An easier Fate, than Misery,
'Tis just in thee, my God, I know,
Since unto Satan's Lure I bow,
Not to exalt; but cast me low.

5.

Low as that Pit of Horrors, where
The Damned Howl, and tortur'd are,
Where 'midst those Flames which them torment,
Which ever Blaze, but ne're are spent,
They day and night their Curses vent.

6.

Although my Sins these Flames deserve,
Yet from their lasting Heats preserve
My trembling Soul, this I implore;
Except the same thing o're and o're,
I know not what to ask Thee more.

God's Goodness and Man's Folly.

WHen trembling Dust with awful fear
Unto thy Throne of Grace draws near,
And in an humble posture brings
To Thee his Catalogue of Sins;

196 Poems on several Occasions.

No sooner he imparts his Grief,
But thou afford'it thy quick Relief,
And with forgiveness ready art
To ease the Sorrows of his Heart.

Yet rather than we will forgo
Some short-liv'd-Pleasures, endless Wo
We fondly Court, and slight that Love
Which will at length our Ruine prove,
Whereas would we obey thy Will,
Not suffering ours to have their fill;
If we thy Laws would not refuse,
Nor Favours willingly abuse,
We should enjoy that happiness,
The glorious Saints in Heav'n possess.

An Admonition.

1.

Soul let thy Contemplation be
On Heaven and Eternity,
To fix thy thoughts on this base Earth,
~~Becomes not Thee of heav'nly Birth.~~

2.

Since all these worldly-Glories quite,
Will (like thy empty Dreams i'th' Night)
Vanish ere thy bright Morn doth break,
Why should'st thou pleasure in them take.

3.

3.
When the last dreadful Trump shall all
(With its shril Voice) to Judgment call,
Those who their God this World did make,
Must not of heav'nly Joys partake.

4.
The Crown of Glory only shall,
As a Reward to Virtue fall,
It never shall the Temples bind
Of those, who earthly things did mind.

The Penitent.

1.
I Who that precious time which thou hast lent,
Have, dearest God! in sinful courses spent;
I, who have chose to feed on Husks with Swine,
Rather than live under thy Rules Divine;
I, thy ungracious Son, unto thee, home
With bleeding heart & weeping Eyes do come,
Asham'd that I so miserably have
Mispent those Favours, which thy bounty gave.

2.
And yet what reason have I to presume,
That e're thy Lips will pass a gentle Doom
On my rebellious Life, since it hath been
wholly devoted to the ways of Sin?
No, I in Justice cannot think thou'lt own
Such an ungrateful Wretch to be thy Son,

198 Poems on several Occasions.

Whose wanton Ear would never yield to hear,
The wholesome counsels of a Parent dear.

But, O my Father! by that pow'rful word,
Look on thy humbled Creature, and afford
Some glimps of Comfort to my troubled mind;
And as thou stil'st thy self to be a kind
And gracious Father, be thou so to me,
Forgiving him who truly turns to Thee.
Look not upon me with a rig'rous Eye
Of Justice, but of Mercy, lest I dye.

A Prayer before the Sacrament.

THou, God, who always tak'st delight to be
Conferring good on those who trust in
(Thee;
Who from thy Bosome (by eternal Doom)
Did'st send thy Son (from whence all Joys do
To take our nature on him, and to dy (come)
Th' accursed death for our Impiety,
Let me adore Thee for this mighty Love;
For this, my Soul, do thou obedient prove.
And grant, dear Lord, that I, who humbly now
Approach thine Altar, to remember how,
And what Christ suffer'd, may of Thee obtain
Those dear-bought Mercies, which his Death
did gain.

Poems on several Occasions. 199

I must confess, when I consider, Lord,
How I have sinn'd against thy sacred Word,
How oft I have refus'd to come and eat,
When I was summon'd to this heav'nly Treat,
I have not left within my troubled Breast,
A glimm'ring hope to be a welcome Guest:

Yet should I still absent, should I forbear
T' approach thy Table, where such offers are,
How can I ever hope, dear Christ, to be
Partaker of thy Love and Victory?

No I must never think thou'lt own me, when
Thou sits in Judgment on the Sons of Men.

Therefore to thee, my God, I come, and
My Soul and Body, for an Offering. (bring
Vouchsafe that at thy Hands they may a kind
And gracious entertainment this day find:
And be enabled by thy Grace to move
In the delightful Steps of holy Love.

Let not my Sins of Youth, or riper Years,
Engage thee to forsake me, to my Tears
Have some regard, and let me now partake
Of thy Sons Mercies, for his merits sake.

Amen, and Amen.

A Farewell to the World.

THou glorious Nothing, now adieu,
I'll be no more a Slave to you:

Hence-

Hence-forward all my time will I
 To a more serious Court apply.
 Heaven and all its Joys above
 Shall be the Object of my Love,
 And study of my Life each day,
 Till I my borrow'd Earth repay.

And thou immortal God, who art
 The rightful Sov'raign of my Heart,
 Dispose my Thoughts and Actions now,
 Strictly to keep this sacred Vow.
 Thou know'st what mighty Foes they are,
 I must engage with in this War:
 The World, on one hand, will be sure
 To bring its Glories to allure;
 And its Temptations will combine
 To shake this firm Resolve of mine.
 My Flesh will all its vigour show,
 To make me to its Dictates bow.
 And the industri'ous-wily-Fiend,
 Against me all his Pow'rs will bend.
 Forces too great to be withstood,
 By a Compound of Flesh and Blood.
 Needs must I Faint, and be subdu'd,
 Unless with heavenly force indu'd.
 Yet I am fully bent to try
 Their Strength, and Fight them till I dye,
 And do not doubt but at my Death,
 To have the never-fading-Wreath.

SOLI DEO GLORIA.

FINIS.